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JUNE, 1935

Volume 38 Number 6

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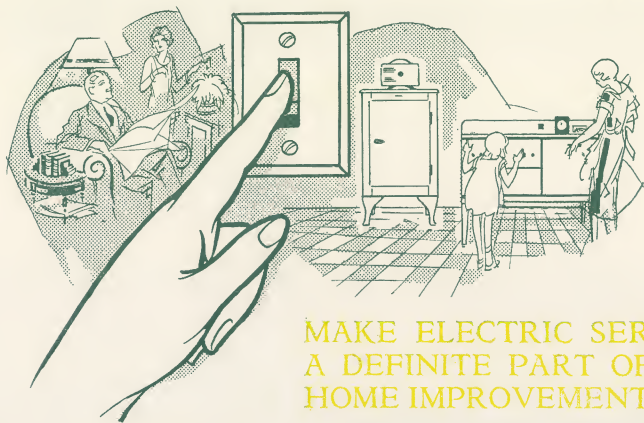
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June Conference

THE annual conference conven-
tions of the Young Men's and
Young Women's Mutual Improve-
ment Associations will be held Fri-
day, Saturday, and Sunday, June
6, 7, 8.

July Era to Report Conference

The July number of *The Im-
provement Era* will have in it a
resume of the conference conven-
tion and in addition results of the
contests among the Scouts, Van-
guards, and M Men. Later issues
will contain illustrated articles deal-
ing with the Silver Jubilee Scout
Jamboree in Washington, D. C.,
and the erection of the monument
on the Hill Cumorah.

You can't afford to miss an issue.

The Improvement Era

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Number 6

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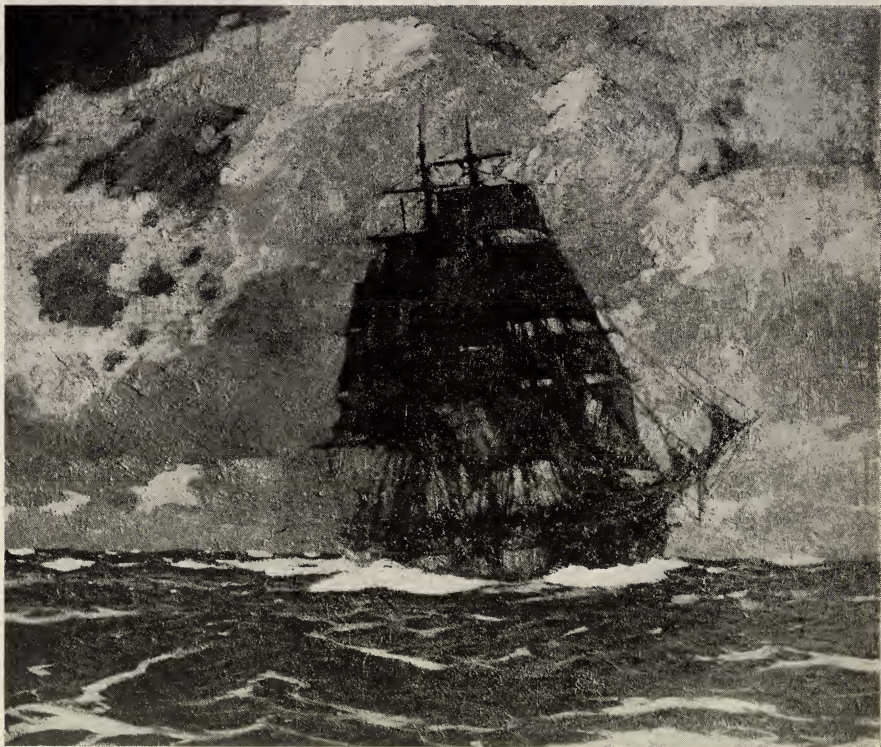
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"THE SEA ROVER" BY WILLIAM RITSCHEL

The picture was purchased by the Springville High School from its 1935 exhibition. It now belongs to the High School's permanent collection.

"THE SEA ROVER"

ONE of the most powerful marine paintings ever exhibited in the Springville High School Art Gallery is "The Sea Rover" painted by William Ritschel of Carmel Highlands, California. It is compositions of such grandeur that "link the name of Ritschel with those of Waugh and Daugherty when one thinks of American marine painting today." In "The Sea Rover" the artist makes us feel the elemental forces in his strong, straightforward lines. It is the work of one whose art speaks truly, and even to one who has never seen the ocean in its relentless majesty, this picture brings a message of its strength and invincibility. To those who

have known and loved the sea it is "A wild call and a clear call that may not be denied."

William Ritschel understands the sea and delights in painting it in its various moods; sometimes he pictures the waters lying quiet under the moon, horizontal bars of moon-gold aiding a simple composition of lasting grandeur; often he paints the waters in breaking waves tearing away relentlessly at the seemingly impregnable rocks of the coast; again he portrays cliffs jewelled with color as the sun glints through low fog enshrouding the scene.

From his earliest paintings Ritschel has exhibited extreme color-sensitiveness. Without such sensitiveness he could not have

seen the gleaming tints in white breakers which make so many of his paintings marvels of subtle shades.

William Ritschel was born in Nuremberg, Bavaria, July 11, 1864. He has won numerous awards, and has paintings hung in all the large galleries of America. He spends most of his time in his rock house on the Carmel cliffs, overlooking the Pacific. "He is erect, independent, gracefully gray, with youthful figure and keen adventurous eye. Young in spirit and body, if not in years, he has kept the fresh outlook he perhaps learned to prize in the years of sailing that preceded his achievements with the brush."—Mae Huntington.

HONORING Karl G. Maeser

By

HEBER J. GRANT

President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

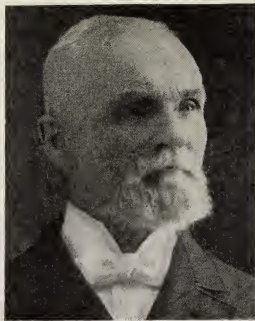
I READ again, the life of Karl G. Maeser by his son Reinhard. I and turned down very many pages intending to read from them, but have changed my mind. I advise you all to buy the book and read it. It is worth many, many times the price. It is a very inspirational and exceptional book and very interesting.

We all have ideals in life, and Dr. Karl G. Maeser was to me a Latter-day Saint in very deed. From the day of his conversion until the day of his death he was a Latter-day Saint in thought, in action, and in deed.

My first knowledge of Karl G. Maeser came from a most remarkable and enthusiastic report of his labors when he returned to his native land as a missionary. It so happened that my father adopted a young boy, a Scotch boy, whose parents had died, I believe, when they were on the way to Utah. His name was Lewis Grant. He was called on a mission to Germany and it so happened that while he was there he was associated with Karl G. Maeser. He brought home pictures of Brother Maeser, a number of them, and of other missionaries, and as a child I heard him tell of the inspirational labors of Brother Maeser as a missionary in his native land. I as a child and as a young man had formed a very high opinion of him.

My first intimate association with Brother Maeser, however, was while I was a member of the Sunday School Board. I had known of him and had heard wonderful stories from his students and others regarding the inspiration of the man and of his great power to make an impression for good upon the hearts of all who came within the circle of his influence. But after he became a member of the General Sunday School Union Board and was engaged in traveling as the superintendent of all the Church Schools, it fell to my lot as one of the General Authorities to travel with him quite frequently. The longest journey taken with him

This intimate story of his relations with Dr. Karl G. Maeser, beloved educator and teacher, was told by President Grant at the Founders' Day exercises last October when the program was given in honor of the first principal of Brigham Young Academy, now Brigham Young University. The incidents related here reveal not Karl G. Maeser alone, but President Grant as well. Faith, humility, dependability, purpose, are all to be found in both characters.



DR. KARL G. MAESER

was to Baker City, Oregon, in the north, and the longest journey to the south was to Arizona, New Mexico, and Old Mexico.

The first journey I remember particularly. All of them were interesting. I never heard Brother Maeser speak that he did not feed me the bread of life. There was a power and inspiration that followed the man that found lodgment in the hearts of his hearers. However, the one outstanding meeting to me on the trip to Baker City was the one in which he gave a lesson on prayer and taught a lot of little children of the Religion

Classes at the branch near Oregon Lumber Company's mill, not far from Baker City. I was sitting on the front bench with Charles W. Nibley, who was there engaged in the lumber business with David Eccles. We both more than once, during that recitation had to wipe our eyes under the inspiration of Brother Maeser on account of the spirit of the Lord that he possessed, while teaching these little children.

I WAS stopping at the time at Brother Nibley's home, being his guest. I was engaged in mining business in Oregon at this time, and got something over thirty thousand dollars of experience. As we were returning from the meeting, Brother Nibley said:

"Brother Grant, I could sit in the dust at the feet of that man. When I listened to him today I thought of what little value are the things of this world in comparison to devoting one's life—starting with young people and then with grown people—helping them to grow in those things that are of everlasting value, instead of simply laboring to accumulate more money."

The compliment he paid Brother Maeser on that occasion came from his heart. The teaching to those

little children touched both of us as stated to the extent that we shed tears.

The other extended trip was for eight weeks through Arizona, New Mexico, and the settlements in the Juarez Stake of Zion, Republic of Mexico. There was never what you might call a tedious hour when with Brother Maeser, he was so full of knowledge and information that it was a delight to be with him. Those eight weeks spent with him on that trip to the south are recalled as one of the most profitable periods of time so far as gaining knowledge and information were concerned that I have ever spent with anyone.

I was amused of course by many of the incidents on that trip. One of them was that we never went into a restaurant where there were hot cakes on the bill of fare that he did not order them, and he never failed to look up at me and smile and say as he was eating them, "Bruder Grant, this is just what I love."

I remember that on one occasion we had placed before us the finest pears I have ever seen for size and

After the dinner he said to me, "Bruder Grant, I did want one of those pears."

I said: "When they ask me to have another, I always say, thank you, I'll not have another, but I'll have one."

He said: "I will adopt that policy in the future."

At Mesa he looked over the audience and said: "Bruder Grant, I see four of my boys in the audience. They will all be up to speak to me after the meeting. That is a bargain that I make with my students when they leave."

After meeting three boys came up and spoke to him and had a nice little visit with him. That night when we got back to the house where we were staying I said: "I thought you said there were four boys."

He said: "Oh, Bruder Grant, the other has got some mud on him, and I will hunt him up. I will go wash it off; I will give him another start."

When we left Mesa I asked him if he had found his boy.

He said: "O yes, I have got him started going straight again. I

the way of instruction or encouragement.

Remembering that I had to make a speech here today, the night before Brother Alonzo A. Hinckley was to leave for California, although it was late, I called him up by 'phone and asked him to call my secretary and dictate a little story that he had related, I think it was, at Brother J. Reuben Clark's home. Brother Hinckley sent me the following story:

"Years ago when my mother kept boarders in Provo she boarded two men from Milford, neither of them belonging to the Church. One of them was a very wonderful, fine man, who was not inclined to join the Church, but he had very profound respect for Dr. Maeser who was his teacher. I heard him say at one time that while in school, as he looked upon Brother Maeser (this man being a strong, vigorous man), 'I could take the old gentleman and fold him up like a pocket knife, but I feared him. I had such a reverence for him that I would not do anything to displease him. I think he is the greatest man I ever knew.'



FAMILY AND DESCENDANTS OF DR. KARL G. MAESER, WHO WERE PRESENT AT FOUNDER'S DAY AT BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY, 1934.

flavor. This was in Mesa City. The good lady of the house turned to Brother Maeser and said: "Won't you have another pear, Bruder Maeser?" He had not had any; and he was so modest that he did not ask for a pear.

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hope that he will continue in the straight and narrow path."

HE took an interest individually. I am sure from all that I knew of him, not only in his students, but he seemed to take an interest in all of the people whom he met, and tried to give them something that would be of lasting value in

"The school year finished and our friend went back to Milford where he made his living. Some time after that Dr. Maeser, while making a trip for the Church, establishing Religion Classes, was on his way south. When the train stopped in Milford, he stepped off the train and was walking up and down the platform, and whom

should he meet but his former student. Reaching out his hand he said:

"Well, well, Brother ———, how are you, what are you doing?"

"The man looked squarely into his teacher's face and answered honestly, 'Running a saloon.'"

"Running a saloon! Running a saloon! You cannot afford to do that. Give it away, give it away; get rid of it!"

received his first testimony of the divinity of the work in which we are engaged. He related the incident to me. He said that after he had been baptized he looked up into heaven and said, "O Lord, I have accepted what I believe to be the Gospel of thy Son Jesus Christ. Give to me a testimony of the divinity of this work, and I pledge my best efforts and even my life,

After the conversation had been going on for a little while each of them requested Brother Budge not to interpret the question or the answer, as they understood each other perfectly. When they reached this bridge over the Elbe river, if I remember right, leading into Dresden, they were separated, and when they met on the other side and another question was asked,



STUDENTS OF DR. KARL G. MAESER, WHO WERE PRESENT AT THE FOUNDERS' DAY EXERCISES HONORING HIS MEMORY, 1934.

"The train pulled out and Karl G. Maeser boarded it, but this man walked away impressed by this great teacher and said unto himself, 'I will not continue in this business a day longer. I will dispose of it if I have to give it away.'"

THAT is the kind of influence this man had. It was simply wonderful the power that he had. I of course knew of his remarkable accomplishments in the day of the Brigham Young Academy, from my conversation with students from Canada on the north down to Mexico on the south. Some of our outstanding men, like Edward H. Snow, and many others, attribute largely their success in life to the force of character of Brother Maeser and the impression made upon them while under his influence.

I took occasion while I was presiding over the European Mission to go to Dresden for the express purpose of walking over the identical bridge where Brother Maeser

if necessary, for its advancement."

I suppose that nearly all of you are familiar with the fact that while coming from the place where he had been baptized he and Brother Franklin D. Richards talked with each other, being blessed with the interpretation of tongues. When they started their conversation Brother Maeser asked questions in German and Brother William Budge, afterwards president of the Bear Lake Stake of Zion, subsequently president of the Logan Temple, would interpret the questions; then Brother Franklin D. Richards, the apostle who was presiding over the European Mission at the time and who had gone over to Germany from Liverpool to be present at the first baptisms in the kingdom where Karl G. Maeser resided, would answer the question in English and Brother Budge would interpret the answer to Brother Maeser.

Brother Richards could not under-

stand it and asked to have it interpreted. When the answer came Brother Maeser asked to have the answer interpreted. Then Brother Maeser turned to Brother Richards and said:

"Why is it that we could understand each other before, and now we cannot?"

The answer as interpreted was: "The Lord has seen fit to allow you to partake of the fruits of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. You have been blessed of the Lord with the interpretation of tongues, and so have I."

Brother Maeser had made a pledge to God, and if any human being has fulfilled that pledge to the very letter and to the full extent of his ability by giving himself to the service of the Lord in this Church, that man was Karl G. Maeser.

I SHOULD have liked very much to visit his home. I went there with the hope of doing so, but it seemed that the lady in charge, I

believe one of his relatives, had become so tired of missionary callers she refused to admit anyone. But I have a snapshot picture of the group of us standing in front of Brother Maeser's home.

Another incident happened in Mesa that was very interesting. Brother Maeser had the capacity to change from the sublime to the ridiculous without intending to do so. It was sometimes a very sudden change. In Mesa City he told of a circumstance. A widow came to the school and said to him:

"This boy of mine, my only son, is just naturally bad. I cannot do a thing with him. The teachers in the little country town where I reside have labored with him but they make no impression on him. The Bishop himself and his counselors have labored with him, but they cannot influence him. He will not listen to my advice and counsel. In the little country town where we live there is no employment for me except to do washing for the wives of farmers, and I have gone out and done washing for a number of years and saved every dollar that I earned, in order that I might bring this boy of mine to your school. I have brought him here in the hope that you can make a man of him. I have no other hope left."

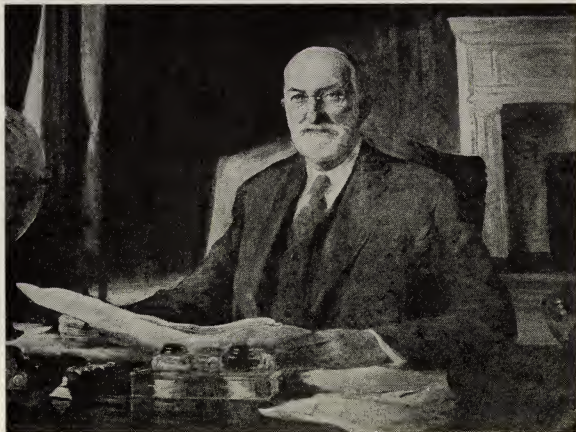
Brother Maeser told us how that boy broke nearly all the rules of the school, how for the sake of that poor widowed mother who had labored for years to save the money to give him an education, that he might have an opportunity to be reformed, he put up with him as long as he could. Finally he had to expel him from the school, and he said: "I have what I call my hour to meet my students before school starts, when they come and tell me of their personal troubles and grievances, etc. I had come into my room and was just taking hold of my desk for the purpose of raising the top when a knock came, and I said, 'Come in.' The door opened and there stood that boy. When I thought of the way he had defied me; when I thought of the way he had destroyed the order of the school, upsetting everything I felt like I would just like to hit him squarely between the eyes."

Then he said: "The boy said, 'Bruder Maeser, Bruder Maeser, give me one more chance.' I was paralyzed to think that he wanted another chance, and he thought I

was not going to give him one. Then he reached out his arms and said, 'Bruder Maeser, Bruder Maeser, give me one more chance'."

I would not attempt to imitate his voice as he told the rest of the story. He told of how he rushed into the boy's arms, how he hugged him and kissed him, how he promised him a hundred chances. He had us all weeping. Then he said: "Now, what do you think? That boy is now a Bishop's counselor in the town where he was once a 'spiled' egg."

John R. Winder, and one of the men that I hoped would be alive was Karl G. Maeser. The next morning when I came down to my office—the *Deseret News* was located at that time where the Utah Hotel is now—and in front of the two-story adobe building a little office had been built right out to the street, only one story, and on the front window was a notice: "Karl G. Maeser died this morning, at 3:15," if I remember correctly the hour, which was within a very few minutes of the identical time



I HEARD of the very fine work that he did in opening up a mission in California. At that particular time we had less than one hundred people belonging to the Church in California, and he was sent there on a special mission. He was a natural born missionary as well as a teacher. He met with success, and we now have one of the most prosperous missions in the whole Church in California, and three Stakes of Zion. There has been a most marvelous and wonderful growth there.

It fell to my lot to be called to go to Japan on a mission, and as I was thinking of the three years that I expected to be absent, I did not get to sleep one night until a little after three o'clock, and in my mind I made out a list of about a half dozen or more people who were along in years, some of them not in very robust health, that I hoped and prayed would be alive when I returned. The first on the list was my mother, the second was

PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT
Painted for the Faculty of Brigham Young University
by Lee Greene Richards. It is to hang in the Heber
J. Grant Library.

when I was thinking of him. He passed away without tasting death, and in the way, of all others, that he would have liked to go. He wanted to die with the harness on, and had said so, and he did die with the harness on.

Brother Francis M. Lyman gave Brother Maeser a blessing, more or less in the nature of a patriarchal blessing, saying: "I feel impressed, Brother Maeser, to give you a blessing from the Lord for your splendid labors in the Stakes and especially in the Sabbath School Work." Among other things that Brother Lyman promised him, and of which Brother Maeser told me on one of our trips together was: "When your work is done, when you have finished your labors, you shall be called home without tasting death."

He awoke his wife and told her

that he was in some pain and she got some hot cloths and put on him, as I remember it, and then he said to his wife, "Now we will go to sleep." She noticed that he was very quiet and she spoke to him, and, lo and behold, he had passed on. So that the promise made by Brother Lyman was fulfilled to the very letter.

I OFTEN heard Brother Maeser make the statement referred to here to day by President Franklin S. Harris, telling the boys not to be "scrubs," but nearly always when I heard him say it, he added this: "Boys, pray to your Father in heaven, pray with all your hearts and your souls that he will keep you from being a scrub. I hate a scrub."

He despised slang. I remember his delivering a very fine speech of twenty-five minutes in the big tabernacle; in fact he always delivered a speech that was fine. I met him afterwards and said:

"Brother Maeser, I was astounded in counting more than twenty times that you used a slang phrase in that speech."

He said: "What? Me use a slang phrase? You are mistaken."

I said, "Oh no, I'm not. You kept saying, 'Now boys, catch on, catch on.'"

He said: "Is that slang? That is too bad. That ought to be good English."

On one of my recent trips to Washington I had the pleasure of spending about two hours with George Sutherland, one of the Supreme Court Judges. I am perfectly safe in saying that fully two-thirds, if not three-quarters, of the time was spent by me in listening to the fine compliments and recitals of incidents in his experience while going to this school, all in connection with the wonderful character, ability, knowledge, and spirit of Karl G. Maeser.

He told me that the boys were heckling him, as boys will, because he was getting his education in a Church school and would not even take Book of Mormon study. They rubbed it in so hard that George swore at them, so he told me, and he said of course according to the rules that meant he would be expelled from school. So he went to devotion that morning expecting his name to be read out that he would be expelled. "But, instead of my being expelled," he

said, "Brother Maeser got up and quoted the Article of Faith, 'We claim the privilege of worshipping Almighty God according to the dictates of our own conscience, and allow all men the same privilege, let them worship how, where, or what they may.' And he gave a lecture to those boys who had been heckling me, and said: 'What is the good of your coming to this school, if you cannot even learn to live up to the Articles of Faith?' He further said: 'If I hear again of your heckling this young man, somebody will be expelled from school.'"

Judge Sutherland said: "I rushed up immediately after the adjournment of that meeting, and I said, 'Dr. Maeser, I shall take Book of Mormon, and I shall pass as good an examination in it as any student you have.' And I think I did very well."

YEARS later when Henry H.

Rolapp, James H. Moyle, and George Sutherland were working their way through college—I think someone told me they washed dishes, etc., to get their legal training—they were known as the three Mormons and the Gentile one of the three had a better knowledge of the Book of Mormon than the other two, and was able to answer questions that they could not. I think that the very inspiration that Brother Moyle got from the knowledge that Judge Sutherland possessed of the Book of Mormon caused him to make a very close study of that book. There are few lay members in the Church in my opinion that are as well posted on the Book of Mormon today as is James H. Moyle.

I have turned down page after page in Reinhard Maeser's book about his father, but there is one thing that I do wish to read, and that is the heading of the chapter entitled "Funeral Services," which follows the completion of the history. This heading is Brother Maeser's own statement. The heading for each and every one of these chapters is a statement by Brother Maeser himself, and they are all very fine, and I have just decided to read them all.

"Infidelity is consumption of the soul." A very wonderful statement.

"There is a Mount Sinai for every child of God if he only knows how to climb it."

"No man shall be more exacting of me or of my conduct than I am of myself." There can be nothing finer than that—to be a critic morning, noon, and night, and to have the person you are criticizing yourself.

"The Lord never does anything arbitrarily."

I quote from the Doctrine and Covenants: "There is a law, irrevocably decreed in heaven before the foundations of this world, upon which all blessings are predicated," and when we fulfil that law we receive the blessings. There is nothing arbitrary in this Church. I recommend that you all read section 121 of the Doctrine and Covenants, commencing with, "How long can rolling waters remain impure?" to the end of the section. It says that, "It is the nature and disposition of almost all men as soon as they get a little authority they immediately begin to exercise unrighteous dominion; hence many are called, but few are chosen. No power or influence can or ought to be maintained by virtue of the priesthood, only by persuasion, by long-suffering, by gentleness, and by love unfeigned," etc.

There was nothing arbitrary about Brother Maeser. He was a teacher who wanted to encourage people.

Again quoting from Brother Maeser:

"Every one of us sooner or later must stand in the forks of the road and choose between personal interest and some principle of right."

"Greed for gain has obscured many a golden opportunity."

"Everyone's life is an object lesson for others."

"When I listen to a sermon I have my ears open to the doctrine only."

In the days when we used to wear big cuffs on our shirts, I remember listening to a sermon—I was but a young man at the time—in which the preacher used so many big words I did not understand as a youngster about seventeen years of age, that I felt in my pocket for a piece of blank paper, and not having any I took my pencil and wrote on my cuff, filling it with words in thirty minutes that I did not understand. When I got home the Scandinavian hired girl asked if the man was talking in English, so of course she did not

(Continued on page 385)

Mel Cardigan knew Timpanogos—he knew the forest—but he wasn't very well up on his girls.

HEARTS—

MEL CARDIGAN

paused to look down a moment into the giant cirque in the bottom of which lay lovely little Emerald Lake before he went on to the glass and steel look-out cabin which capped Mt. Timpanogos. A cold wind was blowing and a few hikers who had not left the summit on the return trip were huddled inside observing the various visible points of interest, such as the distant Uintahs, crowned with ephemeral clouds, Aspen Grove far below, and off to the south, Mt. Nebo, twin peak of the Wasatch.

Mel's pulse quickened as he beheld a girl in a green sweater gazing out to the east through a pair of binoculars. It was Alice Arnet, and the most potent reason why he was on the mountain at all.

He stepped up close behind her and waited until she tired of the view. When she turned he found himself gazing into her violet eyes which narrowed for an instant and then widened in pleased surprise.

"Mel!" she cried, her voice warm with delight and welcome. "Did the Ute gods of this old mountain send you?"

The other occupants of the little house looked on carelessly though amusedly at the drama. The young man who had been standing beside Alice gazing into the east, turned and faced Cardigan inquiringly. Alice held out her hand which Cardigan grasped in both of his.

"Timpanogos sent me—draw me, I suppose I'd better say," he replied. "This is no accidental meeting,—it was planned."

Miss Arnet smiled as she turned to her companion. "Ned," she said, formally, "this man in Uncle Sam's Forest Green is Melbourne Cardigan; Mel, this is Ned Story, of Nebraska, a professor of ecology at the 'Y' Summer School." She smiled. "Pardon, I should have said, Dr. Edward Story."

"Miss Arnet is amusing herself at our expense, I fear," Dr. Story replied, his white teeth gleaming beneath his penciled black moustache, as he held out a long, slender hand.

"Glad to know you, Dr. Story," Cardigan replied. "Miss Arnet always amuses herself."

"Always," she laughed. "Let's get out of here and stand under the sky for a moment. They tell me

that god Timpanogos always visits this peak when the wind is blowing. They also say that if you will stand on the wishing platform with your eyes fixed upon Emerald Lake and wish, that your wish is bound to come true—especially if it concerns the heart."

"Let's hurry, and if you don't fall over the cliff," Cardigan rejoined, "I have a heap of things about which to wish."

THEY walked along the ridge toward the north, the cruel wind clawing at their summer clothing and whipping their hair across their faces.

"An appropriate place for such a thing, I'd say," Story called. "A good place to propose—one could scare a girl into matrimony here."

Cardigan led. As they approached the magic platform upon which Utahna, the Ute maiden,

was supposed to have stood before throwing herself into the mystical arms of god Timpanogos, he was hoping that his wish really could come true.

Cardigan was new to the forest service. Upon his graduation from college in the spring he had been given a position on the Salmon River Forest in Idaho and had gone immediately to his work as the forest was in urgent need of attention on account of the ravaging blister.

He had returned to Provo because he had been transferred to the Wasatch Forest. Now that he was settled in a job, he had something definite to say to Alice Arnet. But upon calling at her home he had found her at Aspen Grove, and had been told by her mother that she was on the hike.

"Alice is very much taken up with a young eastern professor," Mrs. Arnet stated, as she sat on the edge of her chair and fidgeted with her apron, for Cardigan had found her busy canning berries. "His name is Story—Dr. Story. It really begins to look as if it is serious."



"They found themselves in the Bridal Chamber, a lovely little room furnished in mother-of-pearl and alabaster."

and TIMPANOGOS

By HARRISON R. MERRILL

she went on. "Alice has a great deal to say about him—he really seems to be a very fine man—botanist or bugologist, or something."

Cardigan had felt that Mrs. Arnet was rather proud of the new catch and that she was plainly trying to hint to him that he shouldn't meddle.

"Is this Dr. Story quite a lady-killer?" he had asked.

"He's very popular with the girls—tall, slender, dark, has one of those manicured moustaches. But he seems to spend most of his time with Alice." Mrs. Arnet's kindly face lit up. "I wouldn't be at all surprised if he proposed before the hike is over."

"What would Alice say?" he had asked, his inhibitions for the moment dormant.

"Oh, I think she might accept," Mrs. Arnet had replied. "She's terribly flattered by his attention. They say he is one of the most brilliant men in America in his field."

CARDIGAN had said goodbye then and as fast as Uncle Sam's iron horse would take him he had literally flown to Aspen Grove. He had been determined to be present before, at, or immediately after the proposal. He had learned the game of struggle too well during his four years of college to relinquish any prize to an opponent easily.

And now he was with them. As he approached the wishing platform, he sent up a prayer to the Great Spirit of the mountain and to the shades of War Eagle and Utahna the mythical Indian lovers. He was still determined, but wondering in what manner he could put in his bid along with this handsome savant of the East.

As he took Alice's hand to assist

her to step up to the wishing platform, he knew, more surely than he had ever known before, that he loved her. That there was just one girl in the world.

"This is quite a venturesome performance," Alice laughed as she slithered to the edge of the stone platform. "One has to lean out a long, long way in order to see the lake. There isn't any use of wishing if you can't look right into its center."

"May we hold you?" Dr. Story asked, taking her hand in one of his long thin ones. "I'll take this one; Mr. Cardigan, your other, then you may lean out in safety."

FACING the sheer drop of the cliff before her, Alice gave each of the men one of her hands and leaned far out over the dizzy height.

"I can see it," she cried. "I'm wishing. Oh . . ."

Her hand had slipped from Dr. Story's grasp and she swung dangerously out over the precipice, fully fifteen hundred feet high. Cardigan braced himself and held on dragging her back from certain death. Her face was white as she faced them both.

"Why did you do that?" she asked in a shaky voice.

Dr. Story's face was as empty of color as the snow-field below them.

"I was overcome," he faltered. "The height or something seized me."

"I might have gone over the cliff," she chided.

"Mountain sickness, I guess," Cardigan put in, making an effort to pass over the incident. "Many people not used to the mountains are affected that way. You'd better sit down a moment, Dr. Story."

Story stood with his fingers locked together, his face still pale, his lips quivering.

"I'll be all right in a moment. What if you had let go, too, or slipped over."

He was greatly shaken. Cardigan felt sorry for him.

"It's all right," Cardigan de-



Formations in Timpanogos Cave. These are delicately beautiful.

clared. "Come on, let's get off this wishing table—it is haunted by the spirits of Utahna and War Eagle. She went over, you know." He tried to pass the incident off lightly. "I'll wish some other day. It's time you were getting off the mountain. It will be dusk now before you get down."

He sat on the edge of the wishing table expecting to remain behind.

"Aren't you coming?" Alice asked. "Better come."

Cardigan wanted more than anything in the world to go along, but his sense of good sportsmanship prevented.

"No," said he, shaking his head; "I wish to remain and commune with the spirits for a short time. I can go down faster than you. It has been two years since I stood on top of this mountain."

"All right," Alice called back; "we'll be seeing you. By the way, I heard of your transfer. Where is that camp the paper mentioned?"

"Over on the divide above Camp Altamont," Cardigan answered.

"Glad to have met you," Dr. Story said. "Sorry I proved to be such a chump."

"Not at all," Cardigan replied heartily, for he liked Story somehow; "anybody might have had a spell like that on Timpanogos. So long, I may catch up with you before you reach the Grove."

He sat and watched them until they rounded the rocky point of the cliff, then he arose, went to the edge of the wishing platform from which he could see the farther edge of Emerald Lake and stood gazing down to where hundreds of people like tiny toys stalked hither and yon over the floor of the Giant Cirque.

He was conscious of a feeling of anxiety. Dr. Story did seem like a good sort, and Alice did seem to enjoy him.

THE Giant's Cirque and the glacier were in deep shadow when Cardigan finally reached the saddle. As he went down the last slope to where a few stragglers still stood before taking that

breath-taking plunge over the huge drift, he wondered which of the black forms far below were Alice and Dr. Story.

He took his stand at the top of the drift ready to take off. Veteran of many glacier-slides that he was, he could not help but draw in a deep breath and hesitate before taking the plunge. He knew there was little or no danger, but he also knew of the quick plunge, the flying snow, the breathless speed, the hidden rock-holes that might give him a jolt. He wondered how

Alice and Story had made it—Story unused as he must be to mountains at all let alone a rip-roaring glacier-slide with nothing between himself and disaster but a pair of too thin trousers.

"Mel, you are not gone yet?"

It was Alice who came running up from the other side of the saddle where he had failed to see her and Story. She was followed by the professor.

"No, but I'm on my way," Mel laughed. "I hope these trousers will hold out."

"That slide looks dangerous," Dr. Story declared. "I cautioned Miss Arnet against taking it and proposed that we walk down around the edge of the snow-field."

"Glacier, Dr. Story," Alice admonished. "You must not insult us by calling the Timpanogos a snow-field, must he, Mel?"

"Well, hardly," Cardigan answered gravely. "We've called it a glacier so long that it can't help but be one. But, really, Dr. Story, there is no danger. Not more than half a dozen have been maimed for life out of all of the thousands who have taken the grand slide. I can't think of any who were killed outright."

"Mel is joking, Dr. Story," Alice said. "There has never been a really permanent injury on the slide. It's safe—perfectly. You just sit down, take hold of your courage for a steering wheel and let go. The glacier will do the rest."

"I imagine so," Story replied.

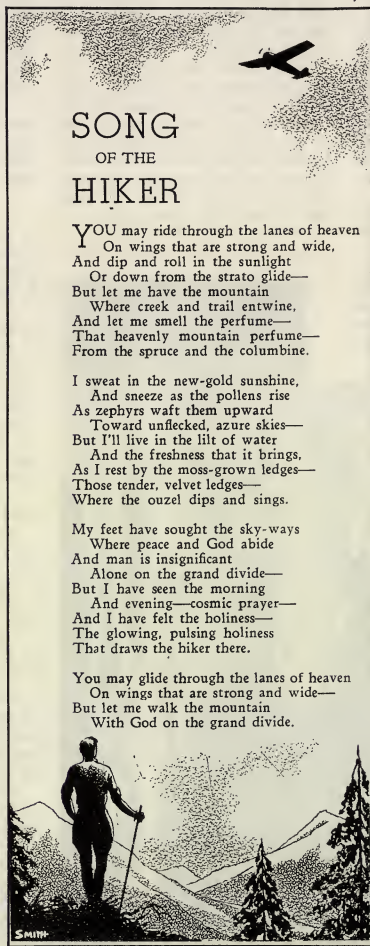
"Besides," Mel put in, "I think it would really be more dangerous to try to walk down. You might sprain an ankle or break a leg—You'd lose so much time it would get dark on you and then the very dickens would be to pay. Better board my train and go with me."

MEL seated himself at the comb of the drift at the top of the glacier with his feet hanging over.

"Alice, you can mount next to me—Dr. Story can bring up the rear. All aboard?"

Alice took her place behind

(Continued on page 387)



SONG OF THE HIKER

YOU may ride through the lanes of heaven

On wings that are strong and wide,

And dip and roll in the sunlight

Or down from the strato glide—

But let me have the mountain

Where creek and trail entwine,

And let me smell the perfume—

That heavenly mountain perfume—

From the spruce and the columbine.

I sweat in the new-gold sunshine,

And sneeze as the pollens rise

As zephyrs waft them upward

Toward unflecked, azure skies—

But I'll live in the lit of water

And the freshness that it brings,

As I rest by the moss-grown ledges—

Those tender, velvet ledges—

Where the ouzel dips and sings.

My feet have sought the sky-ways

Where peace and God abide

And man is insignificant

Alone on the grand divide—

But I have seen the morning

And evening—cosmic prayer—

And I have felt the holiness—

The glowing, pulsing holiness

That draws the hiker there.

You may glide through the lanes of heaven

On wings that are strong and wide—

But let me walk the mountain

With God on the grand divide.

GREATNESS IN MEN

We take pleasure in having Bryant S. Hinckley, president of Liberty Stake and a frequent contributor to these pages, introduce in this formal manner our newest Apostle, his younger brother, Arza Alonzo Hinckley. Here is a story of one of the blossoms of a long line of two splendid American family trees.



Arza Alonzo Hinckley*

By BRYANT S. HINCKLEY

President of Liberty Stake

Four things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true;
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellow-men sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and Heaven securely.

—Henry Van Dyke.

THE progress of the world waits upon the feet of thoughtful men, men who do their own reckoning, who never lose their moorings, who are not carried away by every wind of doctrine. Such men constitute the bulwark of free government, the foundation upon which social security and moral progress rests. The value of any civilization is measured by its men.

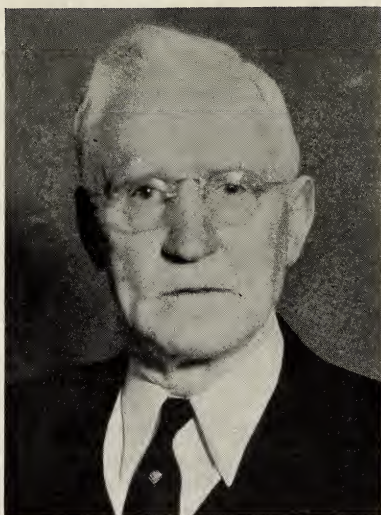
The output of factories, the production of farms, the speed of trains, the convenience of communication, the command of resources, the control of the forces and factors which contribute to human comfort, mean, in the final,

very little unless expressed in rugged manhood.

Libraries and laboratories, school houses and church spires, with all that they symbolize, are valuable in proportion to their ultimate contribution to character development.

The highest values of manhood are measured in terms of thoughtfulness, intelligence, honesty, courage, kindness and human understanding. When a man possesses these virtues at their best he is the noblest asset of the world.

Alonzo A. Hinck-



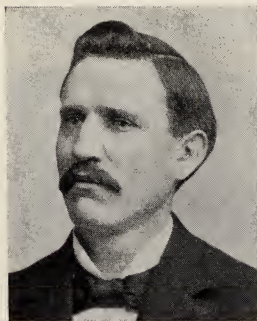
ALONZO A. HINCKLEY

*Although Elder Hinckley was christened Arza Alonzo, for years he has signed his name Alonzo A.

A. A. HINCKLEY AND HIS WIFE ABOUT THE TIME HE FILLED A MISSION TO HOLLAND.

ley holds in fine combination these basic essentials. In mental and moral fiber he ranks among the strong men of his time. In sympathy and human understanding he has few if any superiors. He thinks always in terms of human welfare. He acts always in the interest of justice and righteousness. All his efforts are constructive, stabilizing, and progressive. His inheritance and his surroundings have contributed to the development of a thoughtful, self-reliant, sympathetic man.

His parents and their forbears were pioneers. Three hundred years ago Samuel Hinckley, the English immigrant, landed at Situate, Cape Cod, bringing with him the best ideals and traditions of his native England. He was a resourceful man of robust courage forty-six years of age. The new world was made better for his





IRA N. AND ANGELINE NOBLE HINCKLEY



coming. His descendants are among the pioneers and patriots of America.

Alonzo Hinckley descends in a direct line from Samuel, through his son, Thomas Hinckley, who was Governor of Plymouth Colony from 1680 to 1692. The record declared him to have been "A man of worth and piety."

ON his mother's side he descends in a direct line from Thomas Noble, whose family is equally distinguished for its pioneering and patriotic service.

Alonzo's great grandfather, Lorenzo Noble, died of fever contracted while serving in the War of 1812. Although the family record is far from complete it gives the names of thirty-seven who fought in the French and Indian War, fifty-one in the American Revolution, seventy-three in the War of 1812, and eighty in the Union Army.

Members of the Noble family were among the early settlers of all the Northern and Western States. They were path-breakers and city-builders.

Alonzo's father, Ira N. Hinckley, came to Utah in the Fall of 1850. He was a widower twenty-two years of age, with one child, having buried his wife on the plains.

His mother, Angeline Noble, with her parents and two sisters, came to Salt Lake City in the same fall, but in a different company. This young couple had never met.

The two families (the Hinckleys and the Nobles) came to America three hundred years ago inspired, with a love for freedom and a desire to worship Almighty God according to the dictates of their conscience. Eighty-four years

ago their descendants came to Utah inspired by the selfsame motives.

Elder Hinckley's mother was one of the early school teachers of Salt Lake City. Aseneth Adams, mother of the famous and beloved Maude Adams,

was one of the pupils. His father, Ira N. Hinckley, was by trade a blacksmith, a man who had been denied the advantages of schooling but who was a life-long patron of education.

ELDER HINCKLEY was well born and he appreciates it. Speaking in the Salt Lake Tabernacle at the October conference, 1934, he said:

"I owe much to my father. He led his family, as every man should do, by the eloquent life that he lived. His words were few but his example was true. No one, in the presence of my father, was ever permitted to lift his voice against the Authorities of this Church without his protest. He prayed; he didn't say prayers. We knew what was in his heart, and he had a great heart."

"I am glad to pay tribute to my mother who, in the days when my father was called away from home, never permitted us to forget our prayers. Now I can understand, in these more mature years of my life, her spirit when she tiptoed up stairs, when all was quiet below and we were tucked away in our beds, and she would sit on the edge of the bed and make inquiries, intimate, close inquiries: 'Have you said your

prayers?' 'Yes.' 'Did you remember your father who is away?' Sometimes we had to admit thinking father was one so big and great and strong he could meet any situation—had to admit perhaps we had not felt the necessity of praying for him. 'Did you pray for those who have not comfortable beds as you have? Did you pray for those who have not food to eat nor raiment to wear?' So today I pay tribute to that angel mother who left an impression so deep that it has never gone out of my heart. Peace to her memory! I owe much to her."

IN the family archives is a letter written by President Brigham Young calling Ira N. Hinckley to go to Millard County and superintend the building of Cove Fort. He responded without hesitation, and the Fort was completed in 1867. For many years thereafter it was the home of the family.

Cove Fort is situated midway between Fillmore and Beaver, a distance of sixty miles. In ox-team days this was a long and lonesome road through Indian territory. It was built as a protection against Indians and border ruffians. Under Ira N. Hinckley's management it proved to be not only a place of security to weary travelers of those early days but a haven of rest and comfort. On April 23, 1870, Alonzo Hinckley first saw the light of day in this historic place.

Sixty years ago his father was made President of Millard Stake of Zion. As a boy of four years Alonzo moved with his mother to Fillmore, where his childhood and youthful days were spent. Here he worked on the farm in the summer and attended school during the winter. When thirteen years of age he entered the Intermediate department of Brigham Young Academy, remaining in the school for two years, afterwards attending the Millard Stake Academy in Fill-



ALONZO A. HINCKLEY AND ROSE MAY ROBISON AT THE TIME THEY WERE STUDENTS AT BRIGHAM YOUNG ACADEMY, PROVO.

MRS. HINCKLEY AND HER NINE LIVING DAUGHTERS—AFTON, MABEL, SUSANNAH, ANGELINE, ETHEL, MARY, NELLIE, BEULAH AND ZINA



more. He returned later to the Brigham Young Academy where for two years he pursued his studies in the Academic department.

HIS early education was not neglected. For a young man in his impressionable years to know Dr. Karl G. Maeser was a good beginning. That great teacher never left a boy as he found him.

Apostle Hinckley taught school when he was a mere boy, and the school was a rough one—on the out-posts. In those days it required courage and physical prowess as well as scholarship and technique to master a school of that kind. Through his fearless stand for order and discipline he won the admiration of the community. Ten years later, on his return from Holland, he taught for a brief period. He was the moving spirit in establishing and maintaining the Millard Stake Academy at Hinckley, Utah, and was the president of the Board of that institution for thirteen years.

He has educated with care, and at large expense, all of his children. The love for learning has always burned in his soul.

In his twenty-second year he

married Rose May Robison, of Fillmore. This was a fortunate day for both of them. She was a young school teacher of fine lineage and personal attractiveness. The years have proved the wisdom of his choice. The bloom of youth has never faded from her colorful cheeks. She is a tranquil, even-tempered woman of quiet wisdom who, in a gentle but efficient way, manages her household. No mother could be more devoted to her children. No wife could be more steadfast and loyal to her husband and his interests. Few women have ennobled and glorified motherhood as she has done and fewer wear its crown with more grace. She is the mother of fourteen children, twelve of whom are living.

He is an ordained patriarch and a great father.

THERE isn't much romance in pioneering, there is too much real work to be done, but this home has always been a happy one; a home where *economy, work, and worship*, that glorious trinity of virtues upon which the well being of the world rests, were practiced and delightfully inculcated.

For forty-three years this couple have walked together through sunshine and shadow. Their pathway has not been strewn with roses—they have faced hardships, met disappointments, overcome difficulties.

ELDER HINCKLEY AND HIS THREE SONS—HAROLD, RULON, AND ARZA.



OLD COVE FORT TAKEN ABOUT THE TIME A. A. HINCKLEY WAS BORN WITHIN ITS WALLS.

Shining through it all has been the hope and inspiration that comes from a triumphant faith.

They have been blessed with the following children: Lois (deceased), Harold, Afton (Mrs. Frank Badger), Rulon, Mabel (Mrs. Ivan Burgoyne), Susannah, Angeline, Ethel (Mrs. Stanley Irvine), Benjamin Ira (deceased), Mary (Mrs. Frank Craven), Arza, Nellie (Mrs. Byron Jones), Beulah, and Zina. Two died in childhood and twelve have grown to maturity—three sons and nine daughters.

These children, a strong and shining group, are a distinct credit to their parents, to the Church to which they are devoted workers, to the communities in which they reside and the Republic to which they belong.

IN training, ability and character, this is a remarkable family. Modest, self-reliant, educated, honest, cheerful in outlook, cooperative in spirit, trained to work and willing to work, genial, and in all essentials noble and genuine, these children are an example of what a home consecrated to the great ideals which the Latter-day Saints cherish can give to the world.

Apostle Hinckley is not only a stalwart Church worker but he has been active in civil and commercial affairs. In 1896 he was elected Assessor and Collector of Millard County, which position he resigned to fill a mission to the Netherlands.

On his return he was appointed Postmaster of Hinckley, subsequently he was elected as representative of Millard County in the

state legislature and for five years served as State Commissioner of Agriculture. Referring to his work in this capacity Governor Charles R. Mabey said:

"Twenty years ago we were closely associated in framing laws for the good of this state. My attention was soon called to A. A. Hinckley's ability in selecting good legislation and rejecting the bad. His ability in getting at the heart of any subject was uncanny and I sought his advice many times. Above all I found him to be aggressively honest and loyal.

"When the people of Utah elected me to the Governorship and the reorganization of the state's administrative system was well under way, the question arose of finding a man to handle the newly created Department of Agriculture. Some one mentioned A. A. Hinckley, of Millard County. To me the thought was an inspiration. I sent for him, told him what was wanted and received this reply: 'I do not seek this position, but if I am needed and you think I can fill it, I will gladly accept.'

"Needless to say he swiftly put the department in order and for four long years disposed of its business with efficiency and dispatch at a time when agriculture needed the touch of a guiding hand.

"One act of his always impressed me as reflecting the man's true character. It was several days before I went out of office. He called to see me and presented a letter which he asked me to read. It was his resignation. I was dumbfounded, as his term of office didn't expire for several months. His simple remark was: 'I go out with my chief.'

"Here was something new in politics. Here was a man willing to go up or down with his file leader. Usually it is not done that way. Can you wonder that my regard for him is so great?"

FOR thirty years he made his home in Hinckley, Millard County, a town named in honor of his father.

As a boy he worked for his brother-in-law, Lafayette Holbrook, in Frisco, Beaver Co., and subsequently for another brother-in-law, William A. Ray, in Deseret, Millard Co., both of whom were engaged in the mercantile business. This was a most valuable training and experience for Alonzo. These men were both capable business men and men of unquestioned integrity. In 1893 he established the Hinckley Cooperative Store, which he owned and managed for many years.

In the meantime he acquired some extensive farm interest in this locality, and through wise management he was soon recognized as one of the most successful farmers in the state. His love for the soil is second only to his love for humanity.

He has given long and valiant

service, at home and abroad, to the Church which has honored him with a high place in its Councils. At home he served as counselor to the bishop in the Hinckley Ward. He succeeded his father as president of Millard Stake of Zion and for twenty-seven years presided there, and these were eventful years. This was a major job.

While living in Salt Lake he was called as a special worker in the Salt Lake Temple, and taught the high priests' class in Capitol Hill Ward.

AS a missionary abroad he spent three years in Holland (1897-1900), six months in the Southern States as a volunteer short-term missionary (1926), and three years as president of the California Mission (1932-1935).

Wherever he has gone, in whatever capacity he has served, he has shown superior leadership and outstanding ability as an advocate and an administrator.

He is cautious but courageous, kind but uncompromising. As president of a stake and as president of a mission he did a monumental work, marked by superior wisdom and great spiritual power. He is a religious leader.

Religion with him is not "doctrine in cold storage," it is a practical thing, expressing itself in righteous behavior and in service to others. It is not something apart from life—but a way of living.

THERE is a vast tract of alluvial land in western Millard County. This land is strongly impregnated with alkali and scantily supplied with water. The people who years ago established themselves there have made a brave and determined effort to maintain their homes and reclaim the soil, much of which became water-logged and unproductive.

To reclaim this land large sections have been tile drained at great expense and in addition reservoirs have been constructed along the Sevier River to conserve the water, also at heavy expense. This vast outlay of money and expenditure of labor have been followed by repeated drouths and crop failures, all of which impoverished the people and involved them in obligations most difficult to meet.

To maintain his own credit and the integrity of the people imposed an almost immeasurable burden

which he courageously faced and patiently and intelligently struggled with.

These difficult situations reveal his high sense of justice, his rugged honesty, the strength and fiber of his character. No pressure of circumstances could force him to countenance any intimation of repudiation. Alonzo Hinckley is intrinsically sound.

Referring to him, a life-long friend and associate, Attorney J. A. Melville, said:

"For many years prior to his departure to reside over the California Mission I became intimately associated with him in drainage, irrigation, and general reclamation work in Millard County.

"In approaching the many intricate financial and administrative problems which confronted him his first effort was to determine the morally-right policy, rather than the most expedient policy to pursue. He contended that whatever was morally right must necessarily be legal. Clear thinking, applied to the solution of practical problems, and his final judgment was logically and forcefully expressed with a dignity that made him pre-eminently the outstanding figure at meetings of boards of directors, stockholders, as well as public gatherings."

EMERGING from all of these struggles is a man of great patience, of profound thought, of unfaltering faith, of robust courage, of down-right honesty, and rare human sympathy. From close contact he knows the problems of the common people and the strength and worth of plain men.

He has a clear and vigorous mind, with the capacity of holding to a problem until it is mastered and a solution is arrived at, and he has the faculty of presenting the matter in a clear and persuasive way. Alonzo Hinckley has a fine judicial mind and would have distinguished himself as a lawyer had he followed that profession.

His association with investors, lawyers, law makers, judges, public officials and plain people has given him a modest self-confidence and a training in clarifying and presenting a case which has made him a powerful advocate of right and justice. To those who have known him best A. A. Hinckley will stand forever as the Tribune of the common people.

He was chosen to fill the vacancy in the quorum of the Twelve Apostles occasioned by the death of the beloved President Anthony W. Ivins. In experience, training, mental power, and sympathetic un-

(Continued on page 352)

Among the South Sea Islands Today

SAMOA

By
MARC T.
GREENE

Herein a distinguished traveler and observer not of the Church makes some observations concerning the South Sea Islanders and the activities of the L. D. S. Church in those islands.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON said of the Polynesians, "they are the sweetest people God ever made," and inasmuch as he chose Samoa as his South Seas home it may be assumed that he referred particularly to the Samoan branch of the race.

What the novelist meant by "sweetest" was, of course, kindness of disposition, mutual goodwill and unselfish habits. All these things were noted by every early explorer and missionary who came into contact with the island peoples in any of the Polynesian groups. Especially among the Samoans was the white man regarded with love and reverence. His ships, huge in comparison with the islanders' canoes though ridiculously diminutive alongside modern liners, so astonished the natives that they could only conclude them the product of divine hands. The first Europeans in Samoa were, therefore, called the "Sailing Gods," and the islanders believed that these remarkable beings must have "lifted up the curtain of the sky" and sailed under it from some distant supernatural abode.

Unbounded hospitality and the deepest respect were thus the portion of the European in Samoa until through his acquisitiveness, imposition upon the hospitality and trust of the natives, and unseemly conduct he ceased to merit it.

With the exception of the missionaries the first whites in the South Seas were for the most part there to exploit the islanders, and the principal method of exploitation was alcohol. The introduction of this to the Pacific Islands is one of the blots on the white



man's escutcheon, and in the early days the only agency to counteract its influence and correct its evil result was the missionary. And if the missionary's zeal sometimes outstepped his discretion his work on the whole was not less useful than it was righteous.

THE first missionaries in Samoa came something over 100 years ago. The noted John Williams, later killed in Erromanga, was the first one of note and his influence was great in all the islands. It is related that he arrived in Samoa just as one conquering tribe was about to massacre a number of prisoners and that his pleas prevented this. But unfortunately the acquisitive trader and the dealer in alcohol appeared in most of the islands concurrently with the missionaries, and they never hesitated to pit one native faction against another if it could advantage their ends to do so.

The Samoans have had the most hectic history of all the people of the Pacific. Their troubles have largely arisen out of the white

man's greed in respect to their islands. For years three great Powers quarreled over these dots in the Pacific as if they had been of equal importance to a continental nation, and in the course of the quarreling the natives were continually embroiled and frequently killed. Throughout all this, little consideration was shown the islanders' welfare or interest by anyone but the missionaries.

It is due largely to these, then, that the Samoans have not been altogether what we call "spoiled." If they still possess anything of the grace and charm and kindness of temper which inspired Stevenson's remarkable tribute, the men and women who have come among them, sometimes at considerable self-sacrifice, to teach and to set examples are to be thanked for it.

THE Samoan group of islands is, with the exception of Tahiti, the loveliest of all in the South Seas from a scenic point of view. Here are all the white, palm-lined beaches, the green-clad mountains, the thick, odorous jungles, and the rushing mountain streams of one's romantic dreams of the isles of fairyland. Here is the never-ceasing warmth, the bright sunshine, and the soft moonlight which so stir the fancy of people of colder climes. Here are the ever-blue seas, the richly-colored coral reefs, the flying-fish, and the quiet lagoons. Here is the serenity of existence so alluring to people tired of noise and "hustle." Here are the tranquil, easy-going, friendly people among whom you would like to live.

One of the New Zealand administrators of Western Samoa called these people the "aristocrats of the South Seas," and whether that is accurate or not it is certain that the Samoans are notable for splendid physiques, powerful muscles, and proud bearing. In their own minds there is no question whatever as to their preeminence

among all the Pacific Islanders. One chief is reported to have replied to a European who explained to him that the Polynesian race originated in India: "The others in the islands, perhaps, but not the Samoans. They originated in Samoa!"

THIS strong pride of race has probably added to the difficulties of the various administrators of Samoa, but these have not always exhibited either tact or sufficient consideration for the natives' viewpoint. After all, these islands were the possession of the Polynesian people hundreds, possibly thousands, of years e'er ever the white man appeared, a fact which has not been sufficiently borne in mind. The white man has had and always will have his obligations and responsibilities, of course. His is the "white man's burden" here as elsewhere among alien and undeveloped races, and a large part of that burden is his obligation to look to the uplift of these races both materially and spiritually. He has, generally speaking, fallen far short of doing that in all the islands. And whenever he has had difficulties with the natives it is largely for that reason, for they always were and still are ready to meet the European half-way and more than half-way in all concerns.

To understand natives should be the first consideration of those who work among them. That must be the foundation of the structure, and it is a matter of long and arduous labor. The difficulties of administration everywhere have been greatly increased by failure to accomplish it. In missionary work especially success has usually gone hand in hand with the achievement of a real understanding of the native race. Sympathy and affection inevitably follow such an understanding, but they are generally lacking without it. But really to know the Polynesians, particularly the Samoans, to know them as Stevenson did, is certainly to share a good deal of his high regard for them.

Tact in missionary work is as necessary in the islands as tact in administration. And, writing altogether as a layman with no affiliations of any sort with any religious body, I have always been struck by the fact that the workers

of the Mormon Church have an especially deep appreciation of this. I have met and enjoyed the acquaintance of Mormon missionaries in many parts of the world, in the South Seas particularly, and it is very clear to me that the results they achieve are far in advance of most of the other religious bodies.

I attribute this partly to the personality of the missionaries themselves and partly to their remarkably tactful dealings with the people they are working among.

THE first missionaries in the South

Sea islands were, as we know, rigorous and severe. With them it was either salvation along the lines of their own particular belief and thought or it was utter damnation. The natives had but the two alternatives. Moreover, the first thing the early missionary did was to change, or try to change, everyone of the ages-old habits and customs of the people, never giving a thought to whether it was for their good or not. Whether it was a tribal custom or a matter of wearing a certain kind of clothing, the missionary's order must be obeyed under threat of dreadful penalties. Furthermore, the childlike, pleasure-loving islanders were deprived of everything that had given them joy for thousands of years. The endeavor appeared to be to turn them all into the most austere of Calvinists and that was an ineffably silly thing.

The Mormon missionaries, as I have observed their work, make no such absurd blunders. I have often been at the admirable establishment a few miles from Apia where exhibitions and dances have been held with hundreds of pleased and happy natives participating in them. With all the troubles the Samoans have been through in recent years and with the friction that still prevails, to see a gathering at the Mormon Mission in Apia you would think the Samoans as a whole were as happy as they were fifty years ago. Indeed, I dare say those who are associated with the Mormon Church are as happy. And if they are, it is because they have been led imperceptibly along the proper path and never driven. And it should always be remembered that success of any kind may usually be achieved with a Polynesian by tactful and considerate leading. It can never be achieved by driving, and the failure to un-

derstand that explains the failure of much administrative and church work in the South Seas.

Arza A. Hinckley

(Continued from page 350)

derstanding he bears a strong resemblance to that illustrious leader.

Beneath a serious surface is a deep and delightful sense of humor which best manifests itself at home or in a family group. He is eloquent at the fire-side; his father before him was. Humor is not the dominant note in his life and is not frequently displayed in public.

He has seen dark days and drab situations but there is no drab in his life. No cloud can shut out the sunlight of hope when a man's soul is filled with a radiant faith.

Spurgeon remarked that "the best soldiers are gathered from the highlands of adversity." This is exemplified in the selection of Elder Hinckley for a place in the Quorum of Apostles.

From the day of his appointment to the apostleship, to the end of his career, he will grow steadily and constantly in the confidence and affection of all the people. In his ministry among them he will not only stimulate faith in their hearts and inspire them with a new devotion to the truth, but he will make an enduring contribution to the stability and progress of the great Church to which he has, in the most practical and thorough-going way, consecrated his highest effort.

AN INTIMATE WORD

HE is my younger brother. I was there when he scored his first great triumph—standing alone. I applauded with childish glee his first faltering steps across the kitchen floor; I led him by the hand when he was too small to venture far from his mother's knee; I remember with pride when I could walk, a fair heel and toe walk, faster than my little brother could run.

After three score years have come and gone, again I applaud. Now—his success as a father, his service to the state, his achievements in the ministry, his sterling worth as a man, the strength and purity of his character. With rising pride I applaud the triumphs and victories with which the years have crowned him.

DR. VERN O. KNUDSEN

By ALEXANDER SCHREINER

Assistant Tabernacle Organist

"Hidden treasures of knowledge" have been revealed to this former Provo boy through persistent and hard work, bringing him one of the scientific world's most coveted recognitions.

DR. VERN O. KNUDSEN, Professor of Physics, Chairman of the Physics Department, and Dean of Graduate Study at the University of California at Los Angeles, and President of the Acoustical Society of America has been granted the \$1,000 award given annually by the American Society for the Advancement of Science for his paper reporting his researches on the "Absorption of Sound in Gases." This year there were 102 scientific societies which met at Pittsburgh. Twelve hundred scientific and technical papers were submitted. Out of these, each society recommended a paper to the award committee which selected as the most noteworthy that of Dr. Knudsen whose investigations are described as "epoch-making" in the fundamental principles of the propagation of sound.

Dr. Knudsen smilingly recalls his interest as a child in the strange phenomenon of sound transmission. As he used to ice-skate on the Provo River on clear cold days, he puzzled over the clarity of distant sounds. He observed that he could eavesdrop on a conversation half a mile distant, and yet when the weather was hot and sultry he could not distinguish the sound of a wagon rattling over the cobbles until it was within the block.

Growing out of this childhood curiosity are Dr. Knudsen's recent discoveries which give credence to the claim of Arctic explorers that the barking of a dog can be heard fifteen miles, a statement hitherto disparaged by scientists. We now have definite proof that acoustics are influenced more by the humidity and temperature of the air than by the absorbing boundaries of the

room, factors which acoustical engineers have thus far failed to take into account.

THE acoustical transparency of the air can now be calculated at any temperature and humidity, and this is expected to be of great practical importance in the air-conditioning of musical auditoriums, opera houses and theatres. Our prima donnas will be waxing temperamental over conditions of humidity and temperature when they realize the importance of these factors in carrying sounds with a maximum of efficiency from the stage to the audience.

Our military, naval and police work will benefit from Dr. Knudsen's discoveries which are of prime importance in sound signaling in the air. These agencies are now enabled to send secret code messages with sound vibrations that no ear can detect but which can be picked up by those for whom they are intended, with the proper instruments.

In addition, Dr. Knudsen's researches have opened up a new field in the study of the energy states of molecules and have furnished a new technic for investigating the nature of molecular collisions and of the molecular forces involved. The theoretical part of his investigation was modeled after a treatise by Einstein on the propagation of sound in partially dissociated gases.

DR. KNUDSEN was born in Provo, Utah, in 1893. He received his A. B. degree from Brigham Young University in 1915 and subsequently served as a missionary and as secretary of the Northern States Mission from 1915 to 1918. It was during this



DR. VERN O. KNUDSEN
Dean of Graduate Study, University of
California at Los Angeles

time that he first met Miss Florence Telleford of Ogden, Utah, who was also serving as a missionary and who became his wife in 1919.

During 1918 and 1919 Dr. Knudsen was connected with the engineering research laboratories of the Westinghouse Electric Company in New York. He was an assistant in Physics at the University of Chicago from 1920 to 1922, and received his Degree of Doctor of Philosophy there in 1922. He has been at the University of California at Los Angeles since 1923.

WITH a modesty that is pleasing and a sparkling vigor that is delightful, Dr. Knudsen presents a picture in direct contrast to the common conception of a learned scientist. He is always perfectly groomed, and his clear-cut and accurate speech shows the same meticulous care. He is a good mixer, full of joviality and always a stimulating addition to any group. He is a typical family man who thoroughly enjoys the company of his three children and whose recreation largely consists in developing in them the variety of interests that characterize him—a symphony concert or a swim in the ocean, a football game or a day in the desert, a barbecue in the back yard or just dinner-table conversation. The latter is a particular joy in the Knudsen home with its dining room of special acoustical construction designed to absorb the sound of clattering dishes and of too-animated discussions.

With what pride can Utah claim the man that the scientific world is hailing with honor and commendation.



LEAH D. WIDTSØE

BRIGHAM YOUNG

and the "YOUTH MOVEMENT"

By LEAH D. WIDTSØE

SINCE the time when Cain distressed our first parents with his wayward tendencies there has always been a "youth problem." There always will be one, unless parents learn to keep young with their children and sense with them the conditions of every new day. Even so, there will always be some divergence in evaluating life's problems, for the adult is bound to have a background of experience which is manifestly impossible for youth. For that reason experience and inexperience may seldom sense the same reactions from life. Father and mother or grandparents are too apt to feel and say, "Well, they certainly didn't do so and so in our day—what are the youth of today coming to?" However, the world wags on with marked general improvement, though with certain ever-recurring problems.

Parents of today undoubtedly feel that their problems are distinctly different and more complex than were those experienced in any former age. Today has the telephone, the automobile, the radio, and the "movie," to name but a few of the many modern devices of so-called civilization which children take for granted from infancy and which were unknown and almost undreamed of in the days of their grandparents. One must admit that a childhood spent in steam-heated homes with buzzing radios to accompany daily tasks is quite different from that of their grandparents, who slept in

In this article is to be found in succinct English the attitude of the Pioneer president of the Church, Brigham Young, toward the ever-present "Youth Movement." In this article Mrs. Widtsøe has caught the spirit of the western empire builder and has given us a recapitulation of his views.

ice-cold rooms and had to break the ice in the water jugs to get a wash before or after morning chores.

Granted that "times have changed," yet it is certain that there must have been a distinct "youth problem" for our pioneer ancestors. They had come from many different countries and conditions in life, and for half a generation had been misjudged, hounded, persecuted, and finally driven from civilization. The needs of the day were so engrossing that young and old

together must bend their entire energy to escape the dangers which beset them on every side, to save themselves from utter starvation and even from annihilation. Then came the days of comparative peace in the Valley; the elements had been harnessed, food was no longer scarce, and the gold-rush to California had brought into their midst people who sought only gold and the things which gold could buy. The ox team had been the means of transportation for their parents, but now the children were driving spirited horses with buckboards and buggies.

Children would naturally clamor for "their rights" and resent the implication that they must all be as sober and religious as were their parents. Life was easier for them—why should they be so serious about it?

Our interest centers in the query: How did the people of that day meet this challenge?—for meet it they did, as their descendants may testify. Possibly their methods and principles may throw some light on the problems of today.

To answer this query

A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPH OF BRIGHAM YOUNG AND HIS WIFE, MARGARET PIERCE.



we shall review briefly the expressions and experiences of Brigham Young toward the Youth Movement" of his day. As leader of the Pioneers, he was able to lead the youth of Israel as well as he led their parents, because he understood the needs of youth and provided righteous means for acceding to their worthy demands.

PREPARATION OF YOUTH

HE held that the preparation of youth for maturity is a paramount issue of life and sensed that the responsibility of parenthood is almost the most important duty in life. He taught that this preparation must begin and end by implanting within the souls of children a love of God, a desire to live His earth laws, and an equal desire to serve their fellow-men by helping them to do likewise. He presented in fact a three-fold program of youth preparation to include first, the formation of correct ideals of conduct; second, education for the soul and hand as well as for the mind; and third, a chance for youth to gain experience for themselves in the joys of righteous living.

To foster the right kind of education and to prove his great de-

sire for youth to be well prepared to meet all the issues of life with intelligence, he encouraged the establishment of common schools throughout the territory and later established two institutions of higher learning, the Brigham Young Academy, at Provo, and the Brigham Young College at Logan. These were to care for the building of character and feeding the souls of their students as well as to develop their minds and bodies. His record as an educator of youth is clear.

THE DEMANDS OF YOUTH

These demands are fairly constant for every age and may be summarized thus: (1) Freedom to think for self; (2) to act for self; (3) to seek adventure; (4) to en-

Brigham Young, the man of action and the lover of youth.



A PAINTING OF PRESIDENT YOUNG'S FAMILY IN NAUVOO—MARY ANN ANGELL—MOTHER YOUNG, AS SHE WAS LOVINGLY CALLED.

joy the pleasures of life; (5) to seek social equality and advancement.

The more serious minded youth may and should ask for preparation in the pursuit of their life work later on. If the youth of any age as a class are thwarted either in their preparation for life or their worthy demands, a warped humanity is bound to result. Occasionally an individual may survive a youth so hampered and prove to be a benefactor to others through his own unhappy experiences. Such was Brigham Young.

BRIGHAM'S PREPARATION FOR YOUTH LEADERSHIP

HIS own youth was well remembered by him and gave him a

first-class key to the situation. Let him tell of his own experiences:

"When I was young, I was kept within very strict bounds, and was not allowed to walk more than half-an-hour on Sunday for exercise. The proper and necessary gambols of youth having been denied me, makes me want active exercise and amusement now. I had not a chance to dance when I was young, and never heard the enchanting tones of the violin until I was eleven years of age; and then I thought I was on the highway to hell, if I suffered myself to linger

and listen to it.

"I shall not subject my little children to such a course of unnatural training, but they shall go to the dance, study music, read novels, and do anything else that will tend to expand their frames, add fire to their spirits, improve their minds, and make them feel free and untrammelled in body and mind. Let everything come in its season, place everything in the place designed for it, and do everything in its right time." (J. D. 2:94.)

This expresses in very essence the crux of the Youth Movement of our day, or any day. However, after this provision for the development of youthful freedom is made, youth itself must make a decided effort always to do right and shun evil. Brigham hints at this constant struggle when he tells of one of his own weaknesses. He was never a self-righteous man and never claimed to be free from faults and shortcomings. On one occasion he said: "I was brought up



A picture of Brigham Young as a young man, said to have been taken while on his mission to England, 1839.

as strictly as any child ever ought to be, with regard to morality; yet, when I went into the world, I was addicted to swearing, through hearing others. I gave way to it, but it was easily overcome when my judgment and will decided to overcome it." (J. D. 8:320.)

Note how he emphasized the method of overcoming every evil practice: the use of one's judgment and will power—that is most important for young people to understand. If one's will power is used nothing may stand in its way.

Loving kindness as an integral character bulwark is essential for all who would lead youth. Many are the stories of Brigham's appreciation of children, and the general kindness of his heart as expressed to those who were weak or in trouble. One such is taken from a description of a presidential excursion party as told by Solomon F. Kimball and printed in volume 14 of the "Era."

"A mile or two farther, the company came across an old gentleman with a heavier load than his team could pull over a bad place on the road. President Young stepped out of his carriage, and with a wave of his hand cried out, 'Come on, boys, let's help this good old farmer out of his troubles!' In a few moments the old gentleman was on his way again, with a smile playing on his countenance that could be seen afar off. President Young never passed anyone in trouble without lending him a helping hand. He was not only great in big things, but was a remarkable man in small matters.

"He was extremely fond of children, and was ever ready to give wise counsel to both the weak and the strong with whom he came in contact. Many a time he stopped his company long enough to investigate children's little troubles, and never failed to send them on their way rejoicing. He generally carried some trinkets along with him for this very purpose. One day he spied some little boys playing marbles with pebbles. He stopped his carriage and gave them a full set of genuine marbles. Even the Indians were not long in discovering the noble traits of this kind-hearted man, and they often laid their troubles before him. He dealt with them a good deal as he did with the children, and they generally went their way admiring 'Peup Cap'n Bigham,' the man who never talked two ways."

A CLASSIC story of Brigham's love of children is the one told by our present Prophet and Leader, Heber J. Grant, as he related it to the writer's mother:

"When I was about six years of age I jumped on the back of his sleigh with the intention of dropping off after riding a short distance and walking home. His team went so fast I dared not do so, fearing I would be seriously hurt. We came to 356

a stream a mile or two south from my home. As the driver was about to cross the stream President Young saw me for the first time and he called out, 'Brother Isaac (his negro coachman), Brother Isaac, stop. Pick up that child. He is almost frozen.' I was tucked under a warm lap robe, and when we had gone a little distance your father asked 'Are you warm, my boy?' I answered 'Yes.' He said, 'Be happy then for we are going to take you for a long ride and when we come back we will land you at your home.' He asked my name, and when I answered he told me how he had loved my father and what a good man he was and he also told me to ask my mother to send me up to his office in a few months that I might visit with him. When I went to his office

Leah D. Widtsoe

LEAH D. WIDTSOE is a granddaughter of Brigham Young, the daughter of Aunt Susa Young Gates, and wife to Dr. John A. Widtsoe, a member of the Council of the Twelve Apostles.

Mrs. Widtsoe has collaborated in writing a most interesting biography of her illustrious grandfather. She has had wide experience in research and writing, having been reared by Mrs. Gates, one of the best known of the women writers and historians of the Church.

he remembered me and chatted with me pleasantly, and from that day to the day of his death he treated me with the utmost courtesy and took a personal interest in my welfare, and this naturally inspired me with a deep love for him."

A REAL love of fellowman is an imperative factor of all leadership, whether of youth or age. Some there were who felt that Brigham in later life was narrow and hard to all who were not of his faith. Nothing could be farther from the truth. In this regard he once said:

"Some may imagine and really believe that I am opposed to the great majority of the inhabitants of the earth—to the religious and political parties of the day; but it is not so. To individuals, as such, I am not opposed. The doctrine I preach is not opposed to an individual upon the earth. If I am opposed to anything, it is to sin—to that which produces evil in the world. I believe that I may say with perfect safety that I am as clear as the stars that shine in the heavens with regard to opposing any mortal being on the earth, though many construe the opposing of their sins into an opposition to themselves. I do not feel opposed to any individual on the earth. I have not any enmity in my heart, or at least I should not have. If I have, I am thus far wrong. . . . 'Would I admire the conduct of a jurist on the bench who would decide for the Latter-day Saint if he were guilty? If he would justify a Latter-day Saint and

condemn a Methodist? No, I would despise him in my heart. . . . As to evil-speaking, I will say that if men will do the will of God and keep his commandments and do good, they may say what they please about me.'" (J. D. 6:331; 15:17; 7:228.)

Such a man could really lead youth or age.

PIONEER PLEASURES

THOUGH life was hard, and stern realities were ever present for the people, yet they were taught that work and play must have their proper place for complete living. Even in the journey across the plains this need was not neglected. In a letter to his friend Orson Spencer in England, Brigham described a New Year's party given at Winter Quarters:

"The instrumental band was then called upon to perform, when its heavenly vibrations fell on the tender nerve of the ear, accompanied by the Spirit of God, and the Saints shouted, 'Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna to God and the Lamb. Amen, amen, and amen!' led by Brother George A. Smith. The conference lasted four days.

We had indeed an excellent time, and on the 16th of January I attended another meeting, convened by the Seventies, which they called a Jubilee; but I told them it could not be considered a Jubilee spoken of in the Revelations, for all bands were not broken, and I called it a Jubilo—when the Saints assembled and spent the Sabbath in preaching and exhortation. And on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, we had preaching and teaching concerning the organization of companies for traveling westward—then we had music, and other recreations.

"We had a blessed meeting—all hearts were comforted and lifted up above our trials and persecutions, and went home rejoicing in the benefits and privileges of the liberty of the Gospel of Jesus Christ; and I pray that they may thereby be stimulated to pursue the path of righteousness, and fill up the remainder of their days in promoting the kingdom of peace and happiness on the earth."

Is not the desire of every righteous person on earth today, whether young or old, to live in "a kingdom of peace and happiness?" A worthy goal for all is to establish such a condition in our own mountain home or wherever we may live.

A PIONEER "FUN-HALL"

IN later life Brigham Young tells about the building of the Social Hall. He said:

"Brother E. D. Woolley and myself had some conversation on this subject, and he thought he would build a house to accommodate social gatherings, but could not at that time very well do it, so I built the hall which is called the Social Hall. In

(Continued on page 382)

Shall Civilization Progress?

By

GEORGE EMERY FELLOWS

Ph.D., L.H.D., LL.D.

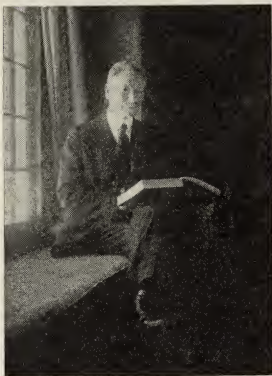
It is well to pause with Dr. Fellows and take a view of Civilization as it has coursed like a river down through the ages. By so doing, we may be able, in the future, to give its trends definite directions.

IF we can imagine ourselves facing backward and looking at the progress of the ages as we may at a rapidly rising tide or an advancing flood we can see the irregular forward moving line of civilization, irregular because of obstructions and depressions just as rocks and holes in the path of a flood make the advance of the waters in a zig-zag line.

We can see coming toward us individuals, tribes and peoples here and there in advance of the mass of beings in the same human form. Why are they in advance? Because someone with inventive inspiration has made an implement for the better supplying of human needs or because tribes or peoples have by united effort and concerted action reared cities or drained swamps or navigated the waters, so this rising tide of civilization has come onward through the centuries leaving outstanding monuments here and there, the architecture of Egypt, the philosophy and art of Greece, the government of Rome, and individual reputations of thinkers, artists, warriors, statesmen, inventors, till this flood of the past has reached us and our times and we find ourselves on the edge and we must either turn our faces forward and move with the tide or be overwhelmed by onward movement of powers greater than our own.

Individuals and peoples must adapt themselves to the times in which they find themselves and take part with the forward movement or be left like the ruins of an ancient city or the fossils of extinct species to serve as materials for study by the more active minds of the future.

Here we are and now. It is useless to regret any good old times or a past when life was simpler and when we were not rushed day and night, our ears filled with jazz



DR. GEO. E. FELLOWS

from half way around the world and our eyes blinded with the glare of moving pictures of an earthquake in China.

We must face the facts and use all that the present gives us, drawing from experience of the past to solve the problems of today. What is civilization? It is quite possible to have as many definitions as there are thinkers on the subject, but I will quote only from Guizot, a Frenchman, the famous author of the History of Civilization, and Mathew Arnold, an English man of letters. The first—"Civilization is in its general idea an improved condition of man resulting from the establishment of social order in place of the individual independence and lawlessness of the savage or barbarous life. It is susceptible of continuous progress." Note last sentence, Mathew Arnold—"What is civilization? It is the humanizing of man in society. The satisfaction of the true law of human nature."

NATIONS move in the direction in which the leaders draw them. When leaders are warlike the people are a warlike people, but war is destructive and the triumph of one group means the downfall of another, hence ages must pass before the great mass can be elevated to the level of civilized progress, which can be attained only during peace. When leaders are artistically and esthetically inclined then we have a Renaissance and pictures and sculptures and buildings remain to influence and inspire later generations. When through all the centuries from the downfall of the wide and war expanded Roman Empire individual nations developed, it appeared to each of the leaders in Europe that the goal of humanity was in the eminence or preeminence of the particular nation to which he belonged and so in Europe by the 15th Century there were England, France, Spain and Portugal, and later came Holland, Prussia, Poland, Russia and the rest of them till at the end of the 18th Century all Europe was composed of self-contained and ambitious states varying in size and importance from a single city to a vast empire. To reach this point there were needed conflicts in trade, in family ambitions, in religious intolerance and, lastly, clash of forces intellectual and physical over principles of government, monarchy and republic, out of which came the Napoleonic domination and later collapse. Now there gathered the triumphant rulers of all Europe in the first attempt to settle the affairs of the world by conference and agreement. The participants in the Congress of Vienna had little or no idea that they were laying a foundation for a later serious ef-

*Address given before newly elected members to Phi Kappa Phi, June 4, 1934, University of Utah.

fort to study the relations of people to government, of governments with each other, and of governments to people. The half dozen European congresses between 1815 and 1919 were really for the purpose of advancing or retarding the interests of one or more of the group participating. Meantime each national unit was developing in its own way largely by the cut and try method. The great majority followed the centralized monarchic principle, a very few tending toward democracy. Democratic principles, nevertheless, were spreading like leaven, as many regarded them, like poison by others until at the collapse of the most colossal of the military group in 1918 monarchies and principalities crumbled like brick walls in an earthquake. Now the world must be made over. Sundry experiments have been instituted and thirty or more states have begun a new life under written constitutions based largely on the forms which have been in operation for 150 years in the United States, and on the practices in England since about the middle of the 19th Century. But forms of government are not the solution of the human problems of peace, progress and prosperity. Government anywhere and everywhere is what it is in quality and efficiency because the people who live under it are what they are in intelligence and in character, whether in city, state or nation. It is not the form of government that makes the contrast between Russia and Switzerland, between England and Mexico. Ever since the American and French Revolutions much effort has been exerted toward the development of ideal forms, and but little or none toward the units, the people who are essential to the smooth working of the forms.

THE past five centuries' contributions to civilization have been in the externals of human life very largely, i. e., to the material interests external to the individual, even in religion which we now understand to be an internal matter to each individual. For more than two centuries instead of personal lives and character being seriously influenced by the religious agitations in Europe the people were agitated over forms of service, whether they be in Latin or the

vernacular, whether there be in churches beautiful stained glass windows and other works of art, or bare white walls, whether priests wear robes of one form or another or none, whether church government be hierarchal or democratic, and within each of these factions there were divisions and sub-divisions professing belief in philosophical distinctions of creed which neither they then nor we now can understand, and all these factions fought bloody wars to save their own souls and to prevent their opponents from doing the works of the devil. In England the 16th Century was largely given to conflict between Catholic and Protestant, the 17th Century to just as bitter contests between Anglican and Puritan, Puritan and Quaker and on the continent to strife of similar nature between similar so-called religious divisions. All this in the name of religion was external to individual life.

Energies that were not exhausted in Satanic schemes in the name of Christian love were turned toward commerce, we call it now; what it really was then was piracy. The historic and picturesque voyage of Sir Francis Drake around the world, as well as his later maritime expeditions were really plundering expeditions of barbarous and cruel nature, but they not only enriched him and his good Queen Bess but they, together with the channel freebooters, laid the foundation for England's greatness on the sea.

Other expressions of human endeavor have been in developing forms and systems in government—monarchy, absolute and limited—democracies, real and tyrannical, inventions in science and industry, printing, transportation on land and sea and in air, communication, in varied forms and speed, so that any point on the globe may be immediately accessible. All this must be for some end. It cannot be for the glorification of one nation or people above another, for that has been tried again and again in all ages and always with disaster. All of modern inventions were in use for purpose of destruction in the recent World War and unless there be some means of directing their future use to constructive instead of destructive ends then civilization will destroy its own hopes, as Medea killed her own children.

But no. This is not, cannot be,

but one side or expression of civilization. There is another, less spectacular, which has been slowly developing from before the time of the religious, dynastic and national conflicts. It was progressing in the monastery schools, in the medieval universities, in national and private schools, a *spirit of enlightenment*, at times wayed with religious fervor or nationalist ambition, but surviving the disasters of all kinds and has now found lodgment among all civilized peoples. Whether nations are enemies or friends they all now have schools, and however biased at times, they are beginning to seek for the foundations of civilization and seeking they will find. They will make use of all the externals referred to above to assist in development of character and morality. They may find ways to use the bases of religion without antagonizing the sects. It is scarcely longer ago than the childhood of men now living that leaders in education began to see its possibilities. It was at first for certain classes, then for certain professions. England, great in striking externals of civilization, commerce, manufacturing, government, made no step toward education for all until 1870.

IN our own country the stress of interest in education was laid in preparation of individuals for the ministry, then law and medicine, and much later in science and various vocations, all with special reference to the improvement of individuals, with comparatively little direct thought of the relation of the composite whole to the government and nation. The feeling seems to have quite generally appeared that the smooth working of our government in many of its parts was being interfered with by the great numbers of recently arrived foreigners, and that our only safety would be in endeavoring to instill in the minds of all prospective citizens a comprehension of and familiarity with our forms of government. This idea, very good in itself, is only a partial solution to the educational problem in our country. No longer can any country live by itself and solve its problems for itself alone. The easy means of communication and of transportation have brought about commercial relations with every

(Continued on page 390)

The Challenge of Charm

COEDS AND BRIDES

By

KATIE C. JENSEN

YOU seek and seek to lift yourself into beauty, to think beautifully, to live graciously, to achieve nobly, to judge not at all, and then one day there is a little "click," and your heart swells with excitement—you've pushed through, a dream has come true, you have attained!

"And ever after, you walk a bit more confidently, pray more sincerely * * * edge more closely to the magic we call charming personality."—Celia Cole.

THE BELIEVER SPEAKS

I LIKE this rising generation. I like this world in which this generation lives.

I like the way it laughs—with head thrown back and wide mouth full of wolf-white teeth.

I like the way it's built,—slender and supple as a willow wand, to bend and not to break.

I like the way it moves,—like a bird swooping, direct and certain, but gracefully withal.

I like the way it talks,—distinctly, plainly, chary of words and prodigal with laughter.

"I like the way this rising generation works,—matter-of-factly, and with a proper pride.

I like the way it plays,—wholeheartedly, gaily, with a nice appreciation of the fine points of every sport, with a really sporting spirit and a liking for them all.

I like the way this rising generation dresses,—riding hatless in the easy comfort of jodhpurs and open shirt, or swimming in bathing togs—its street clothes trim as a clipper ship,—its evening dress formal to the degree of elegance and charm.

"I like this rising generation,—its nonchalance that lifts a politely bored eyebrow at reference to the "Golden Rule," the while it tucks a steady hand beneath Old Age's elbow.

I like this rising generation,—its wisdom and the poise it gains therewith, and I like its delightful occasional descent into infantile ingenuousness.

I like its canniness,—that leaves a picnic ground immaculate, but strews its small belongings from attic to front door, at home, for those whose best love shows itself in service to pick up.

"I like this rising generation.—I admire its standards, its overwhelming honesty, its clean, wise mind in a clean, fit body, its persistence, the sporting spirit in which it takes its knocks—or, having attained a measure of success, the wholeheartedness with which it extends the helping hand to the next fellow.

"I like its perfect grooming,—from dense, bright hair to shining finger tips and well shod, high arched, eager feet.

I like this rising generation.—I like its friendliness—and cool indifference.

I like its level-headedness in danger, its efficiency in difficulties.

I like it for its daring-to-do, its basic strength and fineness.

I like this rising generation,—with its future held securely in both strong, slim hands, a smile on its lips and high hope in its young heart, its desire to be charming and lovable.

I like this rising generation."

—Selected.

THE girl of today greets you. You may not understand her—you may not like all that she thinks about—not some of the things she says to you. You may not like her clothes, her make-up—but you will admit that she is real. "She may be boy crazy—always before a mirror, fussy about clothes, disobedient—moody"—but you must admit there is a charm about girlhood, an inevitable expectancy, which looks ahead at a stretch of road that is lighted by a summer moon and believes it is the broad highway of life which leads straight and clean—without unhappy turns and unforeseen delays. Delightful girlhood—standing on the threshold of life, extending her arms invitingly to happiness—believing her dreams will come true. She is glad she is a girl—she will be proud to be a woman. She has true faith in God—humanity—in self.

Often embarrassed when caught doing so, I find myself positively "staring" at girls and young women. There is a fascination that holds me spellbound because of the feeling they are the masterpieces of the Divine Creator. I stand amazed at the wonder of them and the part they are to play in the great drama of life. When our Heavenly Father made the world He then created man. The reason for woman seems to have been that "it was not good for man to be alone." Reason enough

in itself, but finding it in my heart to say—after creating man with all of his perfection. He created woman to bring about the realization of that perfection. Someone has said that "perhaps women were an afterthought."

I like to believe that when He made man He was greatly pleased. Then He decided to create woman with a few golden touches which would glorify His masterpiece. If all girls could understand themselves enough to start upon the highway of life with an inner realization of their own power because of this heritage! God's masterpiece! What more royal lineage could be possessed.

In the making of His masterpiece, our Heavenly Father added the touches of winsomeness, daintiness, femininity, loveliness. In the previous article it was mentioned that life begins with attitudes. So does happiness, likewise charm.

THERE are three things it is quite useless to run after—charm, and men and street cars. One cannot chase after charm, because it is not one of those "chaseable" things. It isn't an outer thing—it isn't material. "Charm is an aura which emanates from a gracious personality. It is an effect based upon the spiritual, or character qualities. And as an effect, and not as a definable quality, it is indeed difficult to explain. It certainly cannot be run after. It is useless and needless to run after men or street cars, because another may be along any minute.

But charm can be developed through understanding of self and the little important laws of charm in posture, movement, speech, grooming and dress. As children we were poised—free—spontaneous—ourselves. But when we started moving about in the world something happened to most of us which made us self-conscious, timid, stubborn, moody—sensitive. What brought about the change doesn't matter especially unless the knowing will bring

about a remedy for these ills, but the same powers of sweetness and qualities of loveliness are within us, only sleeping, perhaps a little crushed—only waiting for us to give them a place in our lives. When a little girl, I used to play in my grandmother's flower garden. It was an old fashioned garden with pinks, blue bells, tiger lilies, yellow roses, phlox, columbines. In many shady places there were roots of "old man" and near the front and back gates were gay bachelor buttons galore. Grandmother said she planted them at the gateways to guard the garden. But there was one beautiful rose—the moss rose. To my little girlish fancy its perfume was the sweetest, its pink the pinkest, its leaves the greenest. It fascinated me but there were so many ugly, prickly thorns on its stem that I rarely included it in my bouquet for the dinner table.

Are you a rose with thorns upon your stem? How many of you girls are hiding your perfume, your delightful coloring, your charming personality because of some silly complex which is only an inner—imaginary thing? You are probably the only one conscious of it. With a realization of the fact that youth with all of its promise, has tragedies that age cannot (perhaps will not) understand, I still feel we all take ourselves too seriously. Our work seriously? Yes. But life, friends, play, ourselves, should be placed upon a level of intelligent understanding and then made the most of.

The girl who is "so sensitive" is probably self-centered and reads herself into everything that is said and done. This brings about extreme self-consciousness. Self-conscious people rarely display their real charm. Self-consciousness, a thorn upon the stem, can be overcome. It will only grow in strength as we encourage it. With a little patience and perseverance, this enemy of charm can be overcome.

Forget self. Throw yourself into other interests. That is the first step in overcoming your self-consciousness. The less you think about yourself, the less conscious of self you will be.

And there is only one sure way to forget about yourself. Think more of others. Take a keener and more sincere interest in people. Send your thoughts abroad, far beyond

the selfish little boundaries of your personal world.

The child fascinates and charms us because of its unself-consciousness.

THE orator who loses himself in the magic of his words strikes the "divine spark" and sweeps us away by his eloquence. We no longer see him; we hear only what he is saying.

The musician who cannot forget self takes something beautiful away from his playing; and the writer who is never lifted out of the shell of his own personality is never a genius.

It is when we forget ourselves that we do the really worthwhile and interesting things. It is when we forget ourselves that we find beauty everywhere around us; that we see charm in the most commonplace people; that we feel happy and at ease in the company of our fellow beings.

Forget about yourself!

One girl of nineteen said, "When I blush I am self conscious. Tell me how to avoid blushing." How the dear ladies of a generation ago envied a girl who blushed easily. But now, is it an indication of self-consciousness? Girls dread it—they actually despise it. What causes one to blush readily? Some medical men admit it is a mental thing—"It is an outward indication of emotion of fear, timidity, or self-consciousness." Nevertheless, I love blushing girls.

CHARM is individuality. It is being natural, if you are sure the natural you, is the you, you would like to be.

It is not safe to imitate or copy someone else—a friend for example, or a movie star. It is fatal to a charming personality. By all means study the charm of others, observe and appraise all the small details of personal attractiveness—but be yourself—your best self.

"Be yourself" is a fine slogan for anyone to have—but suppose yourself is not a very nice person?

Do you pride yourself on speaking the truth to your friends—needlessly—no matter how it hurts?

Do you try to dominate every conversation—showing people how much smarter and wittier you are than they?

Do you talk unkindly about people who are not present—or sarcastically to people who are?

Such qualities will make even a person of great physical charm unpopular. Personal popularity is due largely to interest in people and their affairs—a liking for one's fellow human beings and a warm sympathy with them.

"I think that the greatest charmer is the one who does not think of herself," says Marie, Queen of Rumania—"the one whose interest in others is greater than her self-absorption, the one who in spite of herself fascinates because, without knowing it, she is all the time giving, giving of her best self."

In a recent survey of one hundred and three young women and girls, I found over one-third of them wanting to know how to be charming enough to be popular. Popular with young and old—rich and poor, men and women. One definition for the word popular is "loved" "followed" "sought after." A perfectly righteous desire. What young girl doesn't have in her heart the desire to be needed—loved—by many, and sought after.

OTHER questions coming out of the group were:

How can I be what is known as a good mixer?

How can I make more friends?

How can I make boys like me?

How can I overcome self-consciousness? I am afraid of myself.

How can I develop self control and conquer impatience?

How can I overcome timidity? Is it possible to be too idealistic about boy friends?

How can I have more boy friends?

How can I be more at ease around people?

How can I control temper?

How can I make boys like me better at first meeting?

How can I be a leader among my friends?

How about you—have you ever asked these questions?

Brides

THERE is something about that word that makes me just want to whisper it. It is one of those nice words like spring, promise, loveliness, symphony, happiness, home, beauty. They all have an

effect upon the inner senses that makes one better. For young or old, the bride and her preparations for a new life, has a decided interest and lure. We partake of the spirit of romance if we are alive to the joys of living and feel it a great honor and privilege to serve the happy couple.

But a word to you who are about to enter into this new life. For it is just that. There will be new problems, new adjustments, new likes and dislikes, economics, greater challenge for charm.

Three important rules are:

1. Smile.
2. Smile again.
3. Keep smiling.

Look glad and you'll be glad.

TIED brides are "passe." Have you ever attended a wedding where the "lovely" bride was a "tired" bride instead? Does loveliness and happiness wane under the weight of weariness and worry? Are tired people charming? I once attended a smart wedding. Pages at the door, a long line of relatives all in evening dress, lilies, ferns, music behind a screen of flowers, people, lilting laughter, little flower girls, bridesmaids in rainbow colors—the mother of the bride standing nervously in line but her mind and heart in the dining room—the groom a little frightened and ill at ease, and the bride in white lace and creamy satin had anything but an orange blossom look about her.

She was tired, indifferent, completely "fed up" on the whole affair. Her hand extended in a limp gesture, her voice colorless as she greeted her guests. All because of so many parties, teas, social appointments. And she ended the evening by weeping her heart out on her mother's shoulder. How I could love Emily Post if she would only write in her Blue Book: "It is poor taste for a bride to be seen in public for at least one week before her wedding," or something to that effect. It isn't fair to anyone for a bride to be weary, worn and worried.

The charming bride is the girl who wishes to start on the new journey by the safest route. To build well the structure for the future years—marriage for life and all eternity is the "privilege" of the Latter-day Saint girl—marriage in the temple—the most sacred place, for this most sacred of covenants, to belong to someone whom you

love dearly. If love is anything, it is everything. Over life and death we have no control, but it is our glorious privilege to choose our own mate and the way in which we will marry him. It is a part of charm to be wise. Charming girls choose wisely.

One bride asks, "If we have just so much money, should we have a honeymoon or a wedding reception?" Why not both, little lady? A reception, simple, inexpensive, informal is very fitting right now. It is to be paid for by the bride. In fact the happy thing to do is to please those most concerned and let others adjust to your plans. It is your wedding and happiness. A reception for those who are nearest to you. In the home—your own or a near relative—the only reason for a reception is to make all concerned happier. Pretense, numerous gifts, formality overdone, unnecessary display should be left to the superficial. Sincerity, love, simplicity should govern the wedding. While not necessary, a little touch in the form of a wedding breakfast, reception, or party sends a bride out of her single existence with a happy memory. And a honeymoon—by all means. It may be for a day—it may be for a month—it may be around the world or to the next little village—but if you don't take your honeymoon when you are married, you never will. All about me are girls saying, "I wish we had taken our honeymoon. Life becomes serious so quickly." This expense is assumed by the groom.

ARE elaborate trousseaus necessary? Simplicity again. And pretty things made by your own hands. They are only your dreams being woven into tiny stitches in linen—undies—pillows—dainty things—but simplicity—enough things to go along smoothly and happily but not enough to be a burden. I once attended a trousseau tea where the bride-to-be displayed an elaborate trousseau. She had stacks of pink undies—lovely—

WHAT is charm? That all-important question asked by hundreds of girls and a lesser number of men, this woman who has been teaching charm for some time, will answer in this series of articles. Next month—the pioneer month—old fashioned charm.

soft—all in the latest style. Three years later I called on her and she laughingly told of her boxes of useless things. But brides of today are practical, yet with appreciation for the lovely. With simplicity as a guide—good taste as a motive, a budget as a means, the bride who plans her trousseau with the following items in mind cannot go astray:

1. Where will I live? Cottage or apartment? City or rural district?

2. In what social circle will I move? Religious groups, clubs, evening parties?

3. What will be the amount of the household budget?

To be very sane about this happy adventure is the only way to find real happiness. With the determination to avoid going into debt, living within the budget. Being able to make a simple meal taste like a banquet because it is well prepared, a flower in the center of the inviting table, a charming bit of femininity sitting across from him—what more can a man desire? And by the way—the groom does come into this wedding thing. But he just does as he is told by the powers that be. He has an easy task compared with that of the best man. The best man is to blame for everything that goes wrong and is to see that everything goes right. Flowers for the bride and maids, to see that the groom doesn't forget the ring—that he is "groomed" and hasn't forgotten his tie or vest. He is even responsible for the expression on the groom's face. Only when the happy couple disappear into the darkness after the wedding, does the best man relax and fall in a heap, feeling his own wedding may be a joke compared with this.

Charm is the knowing how to do things easily, properly and beautifully.

Make the wedding a charming event.

When James Russell Lowell fondly inquired, "What is so rare as a day in June?" he was probably thinking of the smiles and the tears and tenderness and charm of the wedding day.

We have many personality problems. What is yours? You may send in questions, unsigned, which will be discussed in future articles. "Women, married and single," will be the topic for July.

A Romance of Two Cities

By
DOROTHY CLAPP ROBINSON

CHAPTER 7

THE City of Lehi-Nephi lay sleeping, lost alike to present woes and prospective joys. Only occasionally was the silence broken by soft sighing of sandaled feet stealing quietly from building to building; and though these several pairs of feet did not accompany each other, curiously they hastened in the same direction.

In her wretched hovel by the back wall, Bithna sat mumbling wordless incantations into the fire before her. Often her lean hand brought from the shadowy floor a phial whose evil smelling potion called from their secret places the power that gave them being. It had been a busy night and many phials and concoctions hid in the semi-darkness of the floor close beside her.

Without visible motion, she was suddenly alert. Her uncanny ear had caught the soft footfalls that paused at her threshold. Pulling aside the partition curtain she called through it; called so quietly one would have thought her beside the listener.

"Leave thy servant at the threshold and enter, Fair One."

A moment and Zena, enveloped in black, stood at the entrance to the inner room. When her eyes were accustomed to the strange half light, she sank upon a cushion placed conveniently near. Bithna's crooning and stirrings and openings of phials went on as before.

For many minutes the girl watched in silence, then a flood of quiet sobs racked her.

"A-ho," the hag exclaimed, "'Tis Sela, the Weeper, that comes. Me thought it was the daughter of Jared."

THE thrust fell flat; the weeping continued though subdued, and when there were signs of a lull the witch asked:

"And what wouldst thou have of me?"

The Maid did not answer at

once. When she did she faced Bithna bravely.

"I am so unhappy."

Bithna broke into sudden crackling laughter.

"Is that all? A common complaint I assure thee."

Zena's lips quivered.

"But in seven days I wed the Lamanite."

"That I know, too."

"Bithna," she cried desperately, "I must have help. The nearer it comes, the more I shrink from it."

"Nonsense," the witch cried unfeelingly, "Thou art mad. Is he not all powerful and wealthy? Can he not give thee all things?"

"All things save one;" the unhappy girl's head drooped. "Without that one I shall surely die."

Many minutes Bithna, with maddening unconcern, busied herself. Then when the silence had become unbearable to the girl, Bithna broke it.

"And why dost thou come here?"

Falteringly the answer came:

"Thou hast great influence with the Lamanite."

Bithna chuckled.

"Mayhaps the Lamanite pays a larger price for the influence of my gods."

"I pay thee nothing," came the quick retort, "and I wish nothing of thy gods. There be no God save Jehovah."

Bithna did not answer; instead she began a low throaty chanting. Her hand passed and repassed over the fire. The room became suddenly tense. From its four corners a wind sprang full born and with a sibilant whistle milled savagely above the fire. The curtains swayed drunkenly. The fire died down and ghostly figures careened wildly about in the maelstrom above the feebly glowing coals. Voices from a thousand invisible throats rushed crazily at each other and missing struck the whistling of the wind and raised it to a shrieking, screaming bedlam.

Zena clutched her pillow desper-

ately. Invisible hands were pulling her from the floor and she could feel—oh something at her throat. A wave of nausea swept over her and for one desperate moment she thought she must scream or die. She bit her lips hard.

Then—the whistling and shrieking ceased. The curtains hung limp. The fire leaped cheerily into a miniature blaze. Zena drew a long quivering breath, then, as if continuing a statement said positively:

"Still, there is no God save Jehovah."

LONG, long moments the witch gazed into the fire. When she turned, her piercing eyes burned through the girl's.

"Return now to thine own," she commanded, "and—do not hope too much. Bithna will see."

With a peremptory wave of her hand the maiden was dismissed.

It was past the midnight hour and two more clients had come and gone when the sharp ears of the witch caught again the sound of an approaching supplicant. She listened intently, then her puzzled expression gave way to a knowing smile. She chuckled lightly.

At her command a man, shrouded to the eyes in a dark cloak entered and looked down at her from his great height. At her motion, he dropped gingerly upon the cushion. The witch's attention was entirely upon the crystals she held. Peering through one and then the other into the fire and throwing ever and again a bit of powder on the flame she made it die down or leap with multi-colored brilliancy.

The figure grew restless. His eyes followed the witch's every movement, and when the flame burned brightly, noted the hugeness of the room and the rows of phials and concoctions; but not until his patience was exhausted and he would have risen, did the witch acknowledge his presence. Putting aside the crystal, she held, she asked abruptly:

"What brings thee here? Mat-
thev of State?"

The man shook his head vio-
lently.

"No? Then it can be but the
other." She held out her hand
and demanded: "Gold."

A bright piece was dropped into
her palm. She studied it with
curling lips and held out her palm
again and again.

WITH the third coin
the man folded his arms decisively.
With no indication of having seen,
Bithna in a high thin voice began
an incantation that rose and fell.
She crouched over the fire with its
alternately changing glow and
gazed fixedly at it through one of
her many crystals.

When the desired
perspective was ob-
viously found she
dropped to the floor
and her voice was
startling matter-of-
fact.

"Behold, David, son of Joseph,
thy future is before me. What
wouldst thou?"

At his name, David sprang in-
gloriously to his feet; but her dry
chuckle checked his flight. He sank
back and a great sigh escaped him.

"Since thou hast pierced my dis-
guise tell me—is there no hope for
me?"

The witch was slow to answer.
"The maid is betrothed," she be-
gan.

"Thinkest thou I am a dolt?"
he interrupted angrily.

"The Lamanite is strong and
powerful, and will brook no in-
terference."

"That I know, too." After
another nerve-wracking delay

David again cried impatiently,
"Haste thee, Old Witch, I await
my answer."

She ceased her crooning and
looked keenly at him.

"The voice of the gods speak
slowly—"

"A fig for thy gods—'tis thy
help I seek."

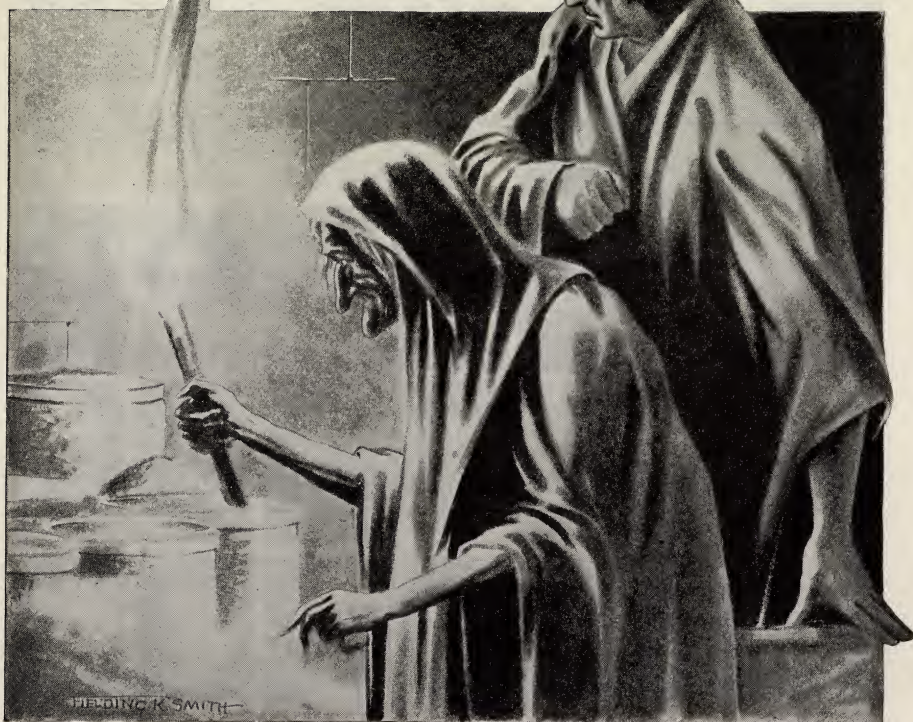
Again the witch crooned and
gazed. Her voice grew thinner and
higher until it seemed to come from
a great distant mountain height.
From there it leaped astonishingly
from peak to peak hurtling and
careening and tumbling at length
into the valley again. When its
last strident note had died, a voice
that, to another less valiant, would
have been terrifying, whispered:

"There is a way
—thou must find
it—"

David snorted.
"For that I have
paid thee. Make

(Continued on
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DAVID GASPED INCREDULOUSLY. BEFORE
HIM RECEDED A FLIGHT OF STONE STEPS
HUGE AND SOLID. HE FOLLOWED CLOSELY
AS BITHNA DESCENDED THEM. AHEAD,
FAINTLY OUTLINED AND RUNNING AWAY IN-
TO BLACKNESS WAS A HALL, WITH BASKET
UPON BASKET OF GRAIN, SHINING GOLDEN
MAIZE AND BROWN TINTED BARLEY.



26 Stakes Achieve Their Goal,

The One Hundred Per Cent Directors

Percentage of Quota

Stake	% of Quota	Prize Award
1. Juarez	201.1	\$50.00
2. Snowflake	158.8	45.00
3. Union	157.2	40.00
4. Los Angeles	155.6	35.00
5. Idaho Falls	150	30.00
6. Big Horn	145.9	25.00
7. Moapa	144.5	20.00
8. Lyman	143.6	15.00
9. Montpelier	131.7	10.00
10. Curlew	131.2	5.00

21. Zion Park	102.3
22. Deseret	102.2
23. Uintah	101.1
24. Ogden	101
25. Young	101
26. Burley	100

In a campaign which took Juarez Stake to 201.1 per cent of its quota, the highest ever attained by any stake in the history of the magazine, and Los Angeles Stake to the grand total of 1,009 subscriptions, 155.6 per cent of its quota, the largest number of subscriptions ever to be secured in any one stake, in the history of the magazine, twenty-six stakes went over the top.

This is high water mark so far as the *Era* is concerned since 1929, the year the two magazines "married" and pooled their subscriptions.

The results of this campaign, many believe, reveal a marked increase in the interest in the magazine as well as splendid work on the parts of the *Era* directors, both stake and ward.

In order to give honor where honor is

JUAREZ STAKE—GRAND CHAMPION

201.1 Per Cent of Quota
Henry A. Whetten,
Lavinia Jacobson,
Directors.

\$50

A splendid achievement for any stake, and Juarez is in Republic of Mexico.

due, the management of the *Era* sent to the field for photographs of those who have worked so arduously in completing this splen-

STAKE "ERA" DIRECTORS WHO REACHED THEIR QUOTA

Full length: Henry A. Whetten, Colonia Juarez, Grand Champion in quota contest.

Top row: Martin D. Bushman Snowflake Stake.

Second row, left to right: Vilda Fillrup, Snowflake Stake; Chas. W. Ragsdale, Annie Black (LaGrande, Oregon), Union Stake; Mrs. Reed Scott, Idaho Falls Stake; Thomas B. Croft, Big Horn Stake.

Third row left to right: Frieda Houston, Big Horn Stake; Essie Blackner, Lyman Stake; Kate Buhler, Montpelier Stake; Dan A. Hickman, Curlew Stake; Douglas H. Briggs, Maricopa Stake.

Fourth row, left to right: John H. F. Green, Lethbridge Stake; Alice J. Richins, Twin Falls Stake; George L. Stanger, Ida Lewis, Franklin Stake; A. G. Smith, Elmore Woodland, Pocatello Stake; O. W. Gylling, San Luis Stake.



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155.6 Per Cent of
Quota and Fourth
Place

\$85

Eleanor Bean,
J. A. P. Jensen,
Directors.

It is a great achievement for a large stake to win the prize for numbers as well as fourth place for quota.

photographs of all those who responded in time to be included.

The highest praise goes to these people who would not close their work until the goal had been reached, but warm and appreciative praise goes also to all who have so freely given their time and their efforts to this great cause. The *Era* Committee is aware of the fact that many of those who have not reached the goal have worked long and hard. For that they are grateful.

They are, however, eager to have *The Improvement Era* placed in as many of the homes of the Latter-day Saints as is possible.

Of course, all workers know that all subscriptions taken subsequent to April 15, 1935, will count upon the 1935-36 quota. Some committees are following up their prospects even now as they have them all listed on their cards which are furnished free by the *Era* office, and know when expirations occur.

Era directors, both ward and stake, will be especially honored at June conference where a specially prepared *Era* program will be given.

503 wards reached their quotas by April 15—a new record.

Highest Number of Subscriptions

Stake	Total Subs.	Prize Award
1. Los Angeles	1,009	\$50.00
2. Idaho Falls	820	45.00
3. Liberty	779	40.00
4. Ogden	716	35.00
5. Salt Lake	615	30.00
6. Pocatello	542	25.00
7. Fremont	537	20.00
8. Maricopa	525	15.00
9. Ensign	523	10.00
10. Hollywood	513	5.00

did assignment for the Church. On these two pages appear the

STAKE "ERA" DIRECTORS WHO REACHED THEIR QUOTA

Two larger ones at right: Eleanor Bean, J. A. P. Jensen, Los Angeles Stake—Grand Champions in Number Contest.

Top row, left to right: Marcella Crowther; San Luis Stake; W. Alfred Howell, Irelita Passey, Bear Lake Stake; Carl Robinson, Star Valley Stake; Carl J. Johnson, Fremont Stake.

Second row, left to right: Vivian Ricks, Fremont Stake; Wilford Thompson, Addie Naegle, Zion Park Stake; Anna W. Billings, Deseret Stake; Leonard Perry, Uintah Stake.

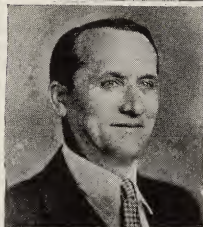
Third row, left to right: Beulah Perry, Uintah Stake; Lawrence A. Young, Mary Edling, Ogden Stake; J. E. Huffman, Lucy S. Burnham, Young Stake; Anna Jesson, Burley Stake; T. Roy Pickett, Idaho Falls Stake.

"ERA" DIRECTORS WHOSE PICTURES ARE UNAVAILABLE

Lavina Jackson, Colonia Juarez; Roy Pickett, Idaho Falls Stake; Jesse Whipple, Inez Gibson, Moxau Stake; S. O. Jarmen, Lyman Stake; Roy Nixon, Montpelier Stake; Naomi Bond, Maricopa Stake; Mrs. Ivy S. Olpin, Daunt Merrill, St. Joseph Stake; Irvin Morgan, Burley Stake.

The Era Program at June Conference

GEORGE Q. MORRIS, general manager of *The Improvement Era*, is hopeful that a large number of stake and ward *Era* directors will attend the June convention. He has had committees at work for a long time preparing a program which is designed to honor the *Era* directors and to assist them in their work during the coming year.



Editorial



Dr. Franklin L. West

Second Assistant Superintendent Y. M. M. I. A.

DR. FRANKLIN L. WEST, who was sustained during the annual conference in April as second assistant to A. E. Bowen, general superintendent of the General Board of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association, is well known to nearly all of the readers of this magazine, having been closely identified with the Church during his entire life.

A son of Joseph and Josephine Richards West, Dr. West has been reared in the organizations of the Church. Especially should he be well acquainted with the spirit and the ideals of the Mutual Improvement Associations, for the reason that his father helped organize the Mutual in Ogden and served as an assistant to the general superintendent of the organizations from 1885 to 1892.

He was born February 1, 1885, in Ogden, Utah, and received his early education from the schools of that city. In 1904 he was graduated from the Utah Agricultural college with the degree of Bachelor of Science. He studied at Stanford University for one year and then matriculated at the University of Chicago which had granted him a fellowship. That institution bestowed upon him the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1911. In the interim between his graduation from the Utah Agricultural College and the University of Chicago, he taught physics at Brigham Young University, at the Utah Agricultural College, and at the University of Chicago.

Dr. West joined the faculty of the Utah Agricultural College in 1907 and has been connected with that institution ever since as head of the physics department, dean of the school of general science and dean of the Faculty.

He is author of a biography of his grandfather Franklin D. Richards and of a number of scientific bulletins and papers.

A quiet, unassuming, genuine man, a thorough scholar, a splendid teacher, a gifted executive, Dr. West brings to his new position many of the qualities that go to make up an ideal counselor. Ever interested in young people and their problems, he has always maintained a youthful point of view which will enable him to get close to the members of the Mutual Improvement Associations.



DR. FRANKLIN L. WEST
Second Assistant General Superintendent of the
Y. M. M. I. A. and Assistant Commissioner of
Education of the Church.

For a number of years he has been leader of a Sunday School Class in the Logan L. D. S. Institute where he has been popular with college students who have elected attendance at that Sunday School as one of their most important Sunday contacts with the Church.

On account of his ability in the field of education, Dr. West has also received the appointment of assistant Commissioner of Education of the Church to assist Dr. John A. Widtsoe in directing the educational policies of the Church all along the line from Brigham Young University down to the latest organized seminary.

At the conclusion of this school year, Dr. West will move his family to Salt Lake City and will devote his entire time to the supervision of L. D.

S. education and his Mutual Improvement work. He has resigned from the faculty of Utah State Agricultural College where his work has been of a high order during more than a quarter of a century.

An article more fully introducing Dr. West will appear in this magazine in the near future.

June Conference and the Educational Meets

THIS year innovations in the regular procedure of June Conference will be tried in what have been called Educational Meets. These programs are intended for those who have achieved in the various appreciation courses and are designed both to entertain and enlighten.

The General Board has been divided into committees whose task it has become to arrange programs for these meets which will be held on Friday morning and Friday afternoon. These are to take the places of the contests which have been held in former years as contests have not been conducted during the past M. I. A. season. Members of the General Board are hopeful that this new scheme of motivating work will have all of the advantages with none of the disadvantages and disappointments of contest events.

Those who have achieved are to bring their achievement cards with them as they will be used to admit them to these various courses.

New Officials of *The Improvement Era*

ELDER JOHN A. WIDTSON, a member of the Council of the Twelve Apostles, has been appointed active editor of *The Improvement Era* to be associated with President Heber J. Grant, who, for many years, has been the editor of the magazine. Elder Widtson, according to present arrangements, will assume the active editorial direction of the magazine.

Associated with him will be Harrison R. Merrill, a member of the General Board of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association, and Elsie Talmage Brandley, a member of the General Board of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association.

George Q. Morris, first assistant general superintendent of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association, was named as the general manager, to succeed Elder Melvin J. Ballard who was released from that position in order that he might devote his time more fully to his calling as a member of the council of the Twelve. Miss Clarissa A. Beesley, second counselor in the Presidency of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association, was retained in her position which she held during Elder Ballard's incumbency, that of associate manager.

This new arrangement will undoubtedly add to the influence of the magazine. Elder Widtson comes to his new position with a vast experience behind him which will be reflected in the pages of the periodical.

Ever since his graduation from Harvard University in 1894 he has been deeply interested in publications and has written and had published a number of books which have been widely read, some of them used as text books, and almost countless scientific papers, booklets, tracts, lesson guides, and magazine articles. During his presidency of the European Mission he was editor of *The Millennial Star* and took a deep interest in the publications of England and Europe.

With Dr. Widtson to guide the destiny of the magazine it will undoubtedly become an increasingly influential publication, and President Grant, who has always had the keenest interest in the magazine's welfare, will be able in the councils of the general authorities to give more and more guidance to the periodical.

George Q. Morris, who has already assumed the general managership, is well known in business circles in Salt Lake City. For a number of years he has been president and manager of Elias Morris and Sons Company, dealers in all kinds of tile, gravestones, and monuments. Elder Morris is a careful, methodical business executive and in addition has the welfare of the Latter-day Saint people, as well as that of all others, at heart. Under his management the magazine ought to grow in strength and service.

Miss Beesley's work is well known to those closely connected with the magazine. In the future, as in the past, she will undoubtedly give

it careful guidance and will be ready at all times to cooperate in such a way as to give the subscribers a constantly improving periodical.

President Grant Addresses the Nations

THE message of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to the world is that God lives, that Jesus Christ is His Son, and that they appeared to the boy Joseph Smith and promised him that he should be an instrument in the hands of the Lord in restoring the true Gospel to the world."

Speaking to a greater audience than had ever before heard his voice in his long ministry of over 52 years, President Heber J. Grant, gave the above message to millions of listeners in the United States and Canada, in a fifteen minute radio address May 12 over the Columbia Broadcasting System network. The occasion was the first "Church of the Air" program to originate over the network from Salt Lake City, and was released in the nation and Canada by 68 stations.

Before giving this message of the Church to the nation, President Grant declared, "What the world needs today more than anything else is an implicit faith in God, our Father and in Jesus Christ, His Son, as the Redeemer of the World."

President Grant introduced his listeners to Mormonism by quoting each of the Thirteen Articles of Faith of the Church, and making a brief comment following each.

President Grant declared further: "Unless Joseph Smith was in fact and in very deed a prophet of the living God, the whole structure of so-called Mormonism falls; but with us it is not a matter of belief. Latter-day Saints have individually, almost without exception, been given testimonies of the divine mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith."

"We believe that all men are bound to sustain and uphold the respective governments in which they reside, while protected in their inherent and inalienable rights by the laws, of such governments, and that sedition and rebellion are unbecoming every citizen thus protected, and should be punished accordingly."

At the conclusion, President Grant told of the opportunity that had been his to bear his testimony to the truthfulness of the Gospel message, "that our Heavenly Father and His beloved Son have again spoken from the heavens; that the Gospel of our Redeemer has been restored to the earth and to bear witness that I know that God lives, that I know that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God, and the Redeemer of mankind, and that I know that Joseph Smith was the instrument in the hands of the Lord in restoring the everlasting Gospel."

Extracts from a report of the speech which appeared in "The Deseret News," May 13, 1935

"Oh sing unto the Lord a new song;

Who Walks With Dreams

By Edgar Daniel Kramer

WHO walks with dreams is ever fey
Within the eyes of other men
Too blind to see the fairies play,
Where moonlight wanders through the glen.

Their little wisdom heaps its mirth
Upon the lad who walks with dreams.
Because he hears God in the earth
And understands the tumbling streams.

They sneer because he scorns their dress
To talk with flowers, birds and trees;
They give the hemlock and the cross
To Jesus and to Socrates.

And yet, when he has journeyed far
Into the realms beyond the dawn,
Lo, he becomes a guiding star
To lead them whither he has gone.

Our Host

By Gertrude McCarthy,

WE want," they shriek to the earth with
hands
Outstretched, as if earth understands;

And they forget, while claiming heed,
Man's wants are greater than his need.

"Give us," in anguished tone they cry
To brother man. "Give lest we die."

But man to man can little give
Of that which makes men truly live.

With God as Host, why must we care
If barns be full, or cold and bare?

He knows our need, and surely will
Supply with never-failing skill.

The Dream Aflame

By Carlton Culmsee

A YOUTH with labor-thickened fingers
groped
At curtains hung about; gray smothering cloth
That made him faint and wroth,
Baffling the eyes that always strained and
hoped.

At last one time he wrenched the cloth aside
And let the sun flow swift and clear and wide.

He let the air in, air of gusty hills.
Cool unbreathed air that youth delights to
draw.

And half alarmed he saw
Far lands and high, to which the wings of
wills

Could bear the race; a vision to delight
All youth that love a stern and splendid fight.

Once let them hear the story in the tongue
Of youth; once let them see the dream aflame
As bright as when it came—
They'll stand with the proud power of the
young.

Lay down their selfishness, their bickering.
And take the high trail with a buoyant swing.
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Any Father to His Boy

By Herbert H. McKusick

UP from the bottom's mud and slime
The water lily grows;
And from a twisted stem, in time,
There blooms a fragrant rose.

Yet with the answer I am mute
To this, the strangest one:
That from this gnarled, unlovely root
Should spring so fine a son.

Imitation

By Claire S. Boyer

THE candle-lighter's time has gone.
He sought to make earth's twilight shine
Beyond its own perplexities;
His hope is mine.

I would set candle thought along
The window ledge of dusky days;
How heaven must look down and smile
At human ways!

The Piano Tuner

By Clarence Edwin Flynn

EVERY six months or so he comes,
And swiftly tries the jangled strings
Of our piano; softly thrums
The keys; and presently it sings
In harmony again. About
The house how different the day,
With all the discord taken out,
And all the harshness done away!

There is a Tuner of the heart,
Who sometimes comes and tries the strings.
Applying here and there his heart
To put back harmony in things.
He wakens melodies long dumb.
As one would think no tuner could.
I fear we do not have him come
As often as we really should.

Bounty

By Blanche Decker

I HAVE just recalled there is so much of calm;
I found it once again
Emblazoned in the twisted arms
Of patriarchal oaks!
Aware!—I'm suddenly content!
The moon walks by
And smiles upon a world
Enshrouded in pale dignity . . .
Stillness drapes in folds
About the shoulders
That have weathered many storms
And yet are square and strong . . .
Tranquility steals closer . . .
It wraps itself about me in soft pervasiveness.
Largesse!
I slip my hand into the hand of night
And on my brow I wear a jeweled crown of
peace
The triumph of my maiden's own resilience.

Oh sing unto the Lord a
For He hath done marvels
Make a joyful noise unto
Make a loud noise and r
Sing unto the Lord with
With the harp and the
With trumpets and sound
Make a joyful noise befo
Let the sea roar and the
The world and they that
Let the floods clap their
Let the hills be joyful to

Exit

By E. Sibyl Wood

I WOULD go while the music is playing.
I would leave e'er the song is complete;
Lest somewhere the harmony fraying
Might shatter the melody sweet.

Request

By Alberta H. Christensen

I PRAY you do not stay too long, Sweet
Spring,
Lest I forget that winter come at all,
I am asleep to all earth whisperings
When petals fall.

Mute half the singing of your throat, Sweet
Spring,
Lest my frail ear so brimmed at hearing all
The symphony, should miss when summer
comes
The linnet's call.

For I would drain the honeysuckle cup,
And lean on Fall's fruit-laden hedge a day,
But lest you lose an appetite for these—
Spring, haste away!

June

By Rena Stotenburg Travaix

I'VE forgotten hyacinths,
Anemone as well;
I've forgotten jonquil gold
And cowslips in the dell.
Who remembers mountain pinks,
Or violet perfume?
Who remembers tulips
When the roses are in bloom?

I've forgotten Viking winds
That blow and blow and blow;
I've forgotten frost that sings
A minor strain and low;
Who remembers symphonies
That winter used to play?
Who remembers starling calls,
The thrushes sing today?

For He hath done marvelous things"

new song;
low things;
the Lord, all the earth;
rejoice and sing praise.
the harp--
voice of a psalm.
of cornet
re the Lord, the King.
fulness thereof;
dwell therein;
hands--
gether before the Lord....

—Lines from the Psalms.

Flowers on the Sill

By Christie Lund

I LOVE to see a little house
With flowers on the sill;
They seem to say that in its walls
There's hope and courage still.

They seem to say that someone there
Has love of beauty in her soul—
And love of fellow-beings too,
Which bids her cheer them toward their
goal.

They say that someone keeps a faith
In God, in Spring, in all that's true;
And through a window passes on
This faith to me—and you.

Night in the Country

By Eva Willes Wangsgard

SOFT darkness falls. The lowing herds are
still;
The lights blink out in house and barn and
stall;

A new moon rises wanly from the hill;
Sweet calm and quiet peace reign over all.

The dark, fantastic shapes made by the trees
Upon the veil where silver moonbeams creep
Move gently to and fro to cooling breeze.
The countryside is restfully asleep.

Cross-Section

By Allen Stephenson

I SAW an Indian paint brush
Flaunting its flamboyant beauty
On a drab hillside
Amid sage and cedars.
The cedars stood dark and straight and sober—
Unbending.
The sheltering sage were stiff and prim—
Self-righteous.
The Indian paint brush
Waved in the wind and laughed
Joyously.

Aspens

By Mary Hale Woolsey

ASPENS in the sunlight
Are eager, shining things,—
Like summer days that dance away
On fleet and joyous wings.

Aspens in the moonlight,
All tall and silver-gray,—
Are pale, still ghosts of days that danced
Too eagerly away!

Yellow Roses

By Cora May Preble

OH, yellow roses in a bowl of black,
Are golden dreams of youth that takes
me back
To summer in a sheltered country spot—
To all the peace for which I long have sought!

Oh, yellow roses in a bowl of black—
I see them glowing near a humble shack.
Again a gleaming copper moon hangs high
Within the inky blackness of the sky.

And yellow curls that clustered childishly
Around your face in memory, I see . . .
Ah, yellow roses always take me back—
Curl-blossoms on a velvet gown of black.

The Desert

By Audrey Gubler

THE desert stretches out before me,
The vastness of it leaves me spellbound—
Cactus is the only tree
And the coyote's cry is the only sound—

It reaches out toward the sky—
Each hour it grows a little hotter—
I think if it could only cry,
It would ask God to send it water.

The Ruby Throat

By Elizabeth Witmer Locke

A RUBY-THROATED humming bird
Came boldly to my garden;
He flew right by a fastened gate,
Nor looked for any warden.

He dipped into my tulip cups,
My lilacs were not sacred;
And yet not for the life of me,
Could I find words of hatred.

I love this buccaneering elf,
He is so brave and daring;
He goes about just as he will,
Quite saucy and uncaring.

It is not that he is so large
That they are frightened of him;
But he is such a handsome rogue
That all things living love him.

In Memoriam to Earl Ross

By Sylvia Worsley

A TINY bit of life is laid so tenderly
Within a wee and warmly-wrapped cocoon.
And there, midst softly whispering branches of
the tree
Is bathed in sunshine—guarded by the moon.
Its fragile body gains as wintry days go by
And with the Spring it wakes and seeks the light.
An ugly caterpillar, now a butterfly,
Spreads its lovely wings in joyous flight.

Like you, with clear blue, eager eyes and seeking
mind,
Who caught the very utmost life could give,
You, whom earthly ties have failed at last to
bind—
Whose fine, young body has just ceased to live,
We who love you like to think of you as one
Whose soul, unshackled, soars to greater joy.
Whose earthly work, and care and grief are
done—
We like to think your soul is free, dear boy.

And though this path named "Death" is such
a mystery,
We haven't any right to call it grim
For we, the sons of God, believe it heavenly
To find Eternal-Life along with Him.

The Sea

By Margaret Jane Cole

BENEATH your spell, O radiant summer sea—
Lulled by your voice, rocked on your shining
breast,
Fanned by your soft breath, by your touch
caressed,
Let all your treacheries forgotten be.
Once again my ships I long to see
All golden-freighted in fair harbors rest;
Let me believe each sparkling wave's white crest
Bears from your depths my loved and lost to
me.

Let me not heed your wrecks nor count your
slain;
As o'er—fond lovers for love's sake forget
Their dearest wrongs, so I, with eyes still wet
With your salt-tears—with heart still wrung
with pain,
Back to your fierce, sweet beauty turn again,
And though you wreck'd my ships, my friends,
I love you yet.

Anthony W. Ivins

By Lydia Hall

YOUR Dixie home you loved so well
Is bowed in grief today,
The once bright hills we view through tears,
Even the skies seem gray.

You were our own and though your feet
Have trod on distant sand,
We knew your heart was always here
In Utah's Dixie land.

The world will miss your leadership,
Its loss it cannot mend,
But there is greater sorrow here
For we have lost a friend.

LIGHTS and SHADOWS on the SCREEN

LADDIE (R. K. O.) A story woven about the romance of the sturdy farm-folk of the middle-west, as fresh and sweet as new-mown hay. *Family.*

RUGGLES OF RED GAP (Para.): Fate changes the life of Ruggles, an English valet, from his station to that of Colonel. The results are highly entertaining, but greater than the comedy is the serious purpose underlying. The realization of a man that he is equal to others, is impressively drawn. The Gettysburg address scene is as fine as could be wished. Unnecessary drinking mars several scenes. *Family.*

LES MISERABLES (20th Century): This production deserves a place of honor. It is a picture not to be forgotten. The story and adaptation, the acting, the photography—all combine to produce a glorious film. *Not to be missed by any members of the family.*

PRIVATE WORLDS (Para.): Beautiful and gripping drama of life within a sanitarium for the mentally deranged. Understanding direction and quiet sincerity have combined to make a picture of unusual merit. A picture to be recommended warmly for its artistry, courage and delicacy. *Adults.*

RICHELIEU (20th Century): Artless in a superb vehicle, giving him one of his best opportunities. *Family.*

HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER (Monogram): An interesting story of the troubled days in Indiana following the Civil War. No outstanding film, this still remains one worth while which will appeal to many audiences. *Family.*

I'LL LOVE YOU ALWAYS (Col.): Melodramatic and sentimental, this picture has a certain appeal and sweetness. *Fair for Adults and Young People.*

IT'S A SMALL WORLD (Fox): An agreeable program with many threads woven together to present life as it might be among country folk and city people. *Adults and Young People.*

RECKLESS (M. G. M.): As smartly staged and highly sophisticated as Jean Harlow pictures always are, but with the same marring sequences of drinking and flippancy. *Adults, if any.*

STRANGERS ALL (R. K. O.): Typical May Robson family comedy, telling the struggles of a mother with her brood of children, each of whom is playing the game of life in his own way; no two of whom have the same outlook. *Family.*

THE UNWELCOME STRANGER (Colum.): The charm of real people, the lovely settings on a stock farm, the thrill of the race track and the appeal of a crippled orphan boy, are interwoven into a most worthwhile and enjoyable picture. Photographs good, and plot is logical. *A very good family picture.*

THE members of the "Era" staff view and evaluate pictures in all possible cases. When this cannot be done, the estimates of groups of people organized for this special purpose are taken. The groups previewing pictures and presenting representative opinions are: *Nat'l Daughters of the American Revolution; Nat'l Society New England Women; Gen. Federation Women's Clubs; California Congress of Parents and Teachers; Nat'l Council Jewish Women; Women's University Club.*

They indicate audience classifications as follows: Children—up to 14 years; Adolescents—up to 18 years; Young People—18 to 25 years; Adults—over 25 years. The advice of these committees, and the "Era," is: "Select your pictures. Go to those you know are of fine type. Stay away from those that you know are trashy or objectionable. Your admission ticket is a definite contribution toward setting standards of production."

HOLD 'EM YALE (Para.): A somewhat misleading title for a comedy which has little to do with football except for the final farcical sequence. Some fairly amusing situations and no great drain upon cast or audience. *Family.*

IT HAPPENED IN NEW YORK (Univ.): A wild farce comedy which revolves about a temperamental Holly-

wood movie star on vacation in New York. *Adults and Young People.*

TEN DOLLAR RAISE (Fox): From a story by Peter B. Kyne. A very pleasant bit of humor for a cheerful hour. One liquor sequence. *Family.*

VAGABOND LADY (Roach-M. G. M.): Nonsense, pure and simple—and merry. A hodge-podge of humorous drama forms from serio-comedy to slapstick, handled in good taste and with a total disregard for comedy restraint. A good cast of comedians. Rollicking, noisy fun for an evening. *Family.*

DEATH FLIES EAST (Colum.): Adventure, intrigue, romance, humor and murder of course, all on an east-bound plane. Some interesting character types, well sustained mystery, and a good, swift "Melodrama" pace. *Adults and young people who like the type.*

FOUR HOURS TO KILL (Para.): Tense, well executed drama, laid in the lounge of a theatre during the hours of an evening entertainment. There are excellent bits of whimsy and reality, overlaid by a pervading sense of fatality. *Adults.*

IN SPITE OF DANGER (Colum.): Old-time melodrama with a modern setting. Smashes, runaway trucks loaded with dynamite and thrills galore. Not very believable but exciting to say the least. *Family, possibly.*

MR. DYNAMITE (Univ.): An intricately involved detective story with plenty of wisecracks, assorted murders and automobile accidents, hard-faced police and an astonishingly clever detective. *Adults and young people.*

ONE CITY NIGHT (M. G. M.): From the play, "Order Please," by Edward C. Carpenter. Expert handling of plot and action, smooth tempo and delightful team work make this a most entertaining comedy. Refreshing, exciting, romantic and well staged. *Adults and young people.*

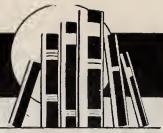
PRINCESS O'HARA (Univ.): A pleasant, up-to-date "Cinderella" theme, with bits of typical Runyon characterization and setting that are intensely interesting and believable. Bristling with taxi wars, horse races and scandals, and night clubs. *Family, though too exciting for small children.*

NAUGHTY MARIETTA (M. G. M.): Last month our reviewers ended their statement regarding this picture with the words: "This is a production you may want to see several times." We have seen it once and are eagerly awaiting the next opportunity. Here is a beautifully done picture containing some lovely singing. If you like romance and music, you should mark this as being one you ought not to miss. Remember "One Night of Love?" You may remember this one longer.



FREDRIC MARCH IN "LES MISERABLES"

Ward Teaching



Ward Teachers' Message for July, 1935

The Sabbath Day

"And the inhabitants of Zion shall also observe the Sabbath Day to keep it holy.—D. and C. 69:29.

ONE of the most serious problems facing the Latter-day Saints today is the prevailing attitude toward the Sabbath—the Lord's Day.

Among the standards established by our Heavenly Father for our guidance, contained for the most part in the Ten Commandments, is the positive injunction—"Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it Holy."

Probably the most serious violation of this commandment is the rapidly increasing practice of making Sunday a day of pleasure, sports and recreation, all out of harmony with the spirit of the Sabbath.

Because people not of our faith engage in these practices many Latter-day Saints feel that no serious sin is involved. The facts are, however, that the Lord has given us His commandments which have been emphasized anew to us in this dispensation. There

is no justification for the belief that our responsibility is any less today than at any time in the past. We have been warned repeatedly not to follow the ways of the world. Unnecessary labor, pleasure-seeking, sports and other practices not in harmony with the Word of the Lord are desecrations of the Sabbath and in violation of the fourth commandment. Church officers, teachers, parents and all who have positions of leadership among the young or old should strive with all diligence to teach proper observance of the Sabbath as one of the duties and obligations of every Latter-day Saint. This teaching should be by example as well as precept.

The Sabbath should be a day of rest from our labors, of worship and thanks giving to our Father in Heaven and of devotion to His work. Attendance at Sacrament Meeting is one thing all are commanded to do on the Lord's Day. Spiritual, physical and material blessings are promised to those who obey His word.

References: Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 59.

Character Building

By C. Douglas Barnes, Ph. D., Long Beach, Cal.

"Be Ye Therefore Perfect."—Matt. 5:48.

LINCOLN said on one occasion: "The true rule, in determining to embrace or reject anything, is not whether it has any evil in it, but whether it has more of evil than of good. There are few things wholly evil or wholly good. Almost everything, especially of government policy, is an inseparable compound of the two, so that our best judgment of the preponderance between them is continually demanded."

Fortunately in our characters, there are many good qualities which can be developed at the exclusion of the less desirable qualities. This process of developing the good and excluding the bad is not unlike many refining processes in which, for example, the less desirable components of sugar are eliminated in the production of a high quality finished product; or the separation of asphalt and wax from lubricating distillates in the production of high quality lubricating oils. If, after the separation is complete, part of the low quality material is allowed to return, the sugar or the oil, in these examples, is degraded, and the refining process has to be repeated.

So in our lives refinement is accom-

plished by excluding the less desirable, and developing the best within us. If we permit a return to undesirable habits, we are degrading our character to that extent and further effort will be required to attain the previous standard.

A partial list of refining influences follows: 1. Parental guidance; 2. Priesthood; 3. Individual and family prayer; 4. Use of good books; 5. Religious activity, etc.

Since life is a process of refining, let us analyze our case and take advantage of the refining influences that will bring out the best there is in us.

Remember the Sabbath Day to Keep it Holy

PURPOSE of the Sabbath. The

Sabbath was instituted by God for the benefit of man, as a weekly day of rest for the body and of worship for the spirit. The Jewish Sabbath was placed at the end of the week, in commemoration of the creation. The word "Sabbath" means rest, but the fourth commandment gives to this rest a definite religious character; and subsequent legislation made the Jewish Sabbath a day of religious rites and practices. The Christian Sabbath takes the place of the Jewish one, with the difference that it is observed at the beginning of the week, in commemoration of the resurrection of Christ. It

is therefore called the Lord's day. The word "Sunday" means the day of the sun and is now used to denote the Christian Sabbath.

Observance. "Remember the Sabbath Day, to keep it holy.

"Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work:

"But the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt nor do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates:

"For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested on the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it." (Exodus 20:8-11.)

"If thou turn away thy foot from the sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the sabbath delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor him, not doing thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words:

"Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy Father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." (Isaiah 58:13, 14.)

In this day the Lord has repeated this commandment: "And the inhabitants of Zion shall also observe the Sabbath Day to keep it holy." (Doctrine and Covenants 68:29.)

"For verily this is a day appointed unto you to rest from your labors, and to pay thy devotions unto the Most High.

"And on this day thou shalt do none other thing, only let thy food be prepared with singleness of heart that thy fasting may be perfect, or, in other words, that thy joy may be full.

"Verily, this is fasting and prayer, or in other words, rejoicing and prayer." (Doctrine and Covenants 59:10-14.)

Proper Rest on the Sabbath. In "Gospel Doctrine," pages 304 and 305, President Joseph F. Smith gives the following:

"True, Sunday is a day of rest, a change from the ordinary occupations of the week, but it is more than that. It is a day of worship, a day in which the spiritual life of man may be enriched. A day of indolence, a day of physical recuperation is too often a very different thing from the God-ordained day of rest. Physical exhaustion and indolence are incompatible with a spirit of worship. A proper observance of the duties and devotions of the Sabbath Day will, by its changes and its spiritual life, give the best rest that man can enjoy on the Sabbath Day. . . .

Melchizedek Priesthood

On Priesthood

By President John Taylor

The following was given to the Editor of the *Millennial Star*, May 7th, 1847.

DEAR Brother,—Before I left in the ship *America* for New Orleans, I frequently had it on my mind, from circumstances which have come under my notice during my travels in this country in company with Elder Pratt, to write an article for the *Star* on the subject of Priesthood, but could not do it for the want of time; but now that through the providence of God, we have been driven again to this shore, through unfavorable winds, and having a few moments leisure, I improve it for that purpose, hoping that it may be interesting and instructive to the Elders of this country, and also to the Saints.

As my time is limited, and I shall be necessitated to be brief, I shall commence by asking the question—What is Priesthood? Without circumlocution, I shall as briefly answer that it is the government of God, whether on the earth or in the heavens, for it is by that power, agency, or principle that all things are governed on the earth and in the heavens, and by that power that all things are upheld and sustained. It governs all things—it directs all things—it sustains all things—and has to do with all things that God and truth are associated with.

It is the power of God delegated to intelligences in the heavens and to men on the earth; and when we arrive in the celestial kingdom of God, we shall find the most perfect order and harmony existing, because there is the perfect pattern, the most perfect order of government carried out, and when or wherever those principles have been developed in the earth, in proportion as they have spread and been acted upon, just in that proportion have they produced blessings and salvation to the human family; and when the government of God shall be more extensively adopted, and when Jesus' prayer, that He taught His disciples is answered, and God's kingdom comes on the earth, and His will is done here as in heaven, then, and not till then, will universal love, peace, harmony, and union prevail.

Then the spirit of God will be poured on all flesh; then the lion will lie down with the lamb; then will the earth resume its paradisaical glory; yea, more, it will fulfil the order of its creation, and become celestial, and then will every creature in heaven, on the

earth, and under the earth, be heard to sing—"Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever."

To bring about this desirable end—to restore creation to its pristine excellency and to fulfil the object of creation—to redeem, save, exalt, and glorify man—to save and redeem the dead and the living, and all that shall live according to its laws, is the design and object of the establishment of the priesthood on the earth in the last days; it is for the purpose of fulfilling what has not heretofore been done—that God's works may be perfected—that the times of the restitution of all things may be brought about, and that, in conjunction with the eternal priesthood in the heavens (who without us, nor we without them, could not be made perfect), we may bring to pass all things which have been in the mind of God, or spoken of by the spirit of God, through the mouth of all the holy prophets since the world was. . .

The priesthood in the heavens are uniting with us to bring about these purposes, and as they are governed by the most perfect laws, it is necessary that we also should be governed by the same principle, that our works may agree—that there may be a reciprocity of action, and that God's will (so far as we are concerned) may be done on the earth as it is in heaven. It is this which we have to learn, and this which we must do to fulfil our calling, and render our works acceptable in the sight of God and of the holy angels, and also in the sight of our brethren, who are associated with us in the priesthood in the kingdom of God on the earth. . .

There are different callings, and offices, and stations, and authorities in the holy priesthood, but it is all the same priesthood; and there are different keys, and powers, and responsibilities, but it is the same government; and all the priesthood are agents in that government, and all are requisite for the organization of the body, the up-building of Zion, and the government of his kingdom; and they are dependent one upon another, and the eye cannot say to the ear I have no need of thee, nor the head to the foot I have no need of thee. It is for every one to abide in the calling whereunto he is called, and magnify his office and priesthood, and then will he have honor of his brethren and be honored of God and of the holy angels.

I have noticed in my travels, those, who, like the disciples of Jesus of old, evince a great desire for power, and

manifest a very anxious disposition to know who among them shall be greatest. This is folly, for honor proceeds not from office, but by a person magnifying his office and calling. If we have any honor proceeding from or through the priesthood, it comes from God, and we certainly should be vain to boast of a gift when we have no hand in the gift, only in receiving it. If it comes from God, He ought to have the glory and not us, and our magnifying our calling is the only way or medium through which we can obtain honor or influence. It is not the being an eye or ear that makes these members honorable, but the seeing and hearing; and a well foot is certainly much more valuable to the body than a blind eye, deaf ear, or a dumb mouth; and a priest, a deacon, or a teacher, who magnifies his office, is much more honorable than an elder, high priest, or an apostle who does not magnify his calling.

It is Gentilism for men to thirst after power; and empty honors, and dignity. True, honor, pertaining to the priesthood, comes from God, and a man of God does not feel a disposition to seek after power, nor to lord it over those who may be inferior to him in office. If he does, he has not the spirit of Christ, nor of His mission.

Jesus said to His disciples, "The lords of the Gentile exercise authority over each other, but it shall not be so with you; but he that is greatest among you, let him be servant of all."

A man of God feels satisfied to fulfil his office, and when he has done it his conscience is clear; he stands approved before God, and is satisfied that he has fulfilled his calling. If he possesses power, he exercises it for the good of his fellowmen—for the good of his brethren, the church, and the world, and he feels a disposition to bless his brethren and to do them good. He, indeed, has authority and rule in his office—but as a father, not as a master; a father governs his house and children, but he does it as a father; he does not wish to exercise authority over his children, for he has the authority to rule, and uses it for the benefit of his children. His family do not obey him because they fear him, but because he is their father, and they love him and know that he rules and directs for their benefit. We love, fear, and serve God, because He loves us. We keep His commandments because they are joyous, and tend to our benefit in time and in eternity; and we obey the counsels of the authorities of the Church, because they counsel and direct for our benefit. (To be Continued)

Aaronic Priesthood

Quorum Meetings Not to Adjourn During Summer Months

THE definite recommendation of the Presiding Bishop is that all Aaronic Priesthood quorums and classes meet regularly during the entire year. There should be no adjournment during the summer months. It is felt that in addition to the fact that the Priesthood is expected to function in the lives of its members at all seasons of the year that many of the usual restraints and safeguards are removed during the summer vacation period making frequent contact with the Church doubly desirable.

Many quorums engage in additional activities during the summer designed to promote a social and fraternal spirit among quorum members.

Time For Adult Class Meetings

IN setting the time for Priesthood activity meetings from 11:25 to 11:55 on Sunday mornings, it was not intended that this plan should affect Adult Aaronic Priesthood classes throughout the Church. These adult classes are more in the nature of missionary service and many of those affected have definite objections to attending services while other groups are in session. Best results have come almost universally when these brethren are permitted to meet at some other time. This is the intention and bishops are requested to set a time which will be most desirable for this particular purpose and most agreeable to the group.

We Learn By Doing

BISHOP DAVID A. SMITH, first counselor in the Presiding Bishopric, at a quarterly conference attended recently, learned that the Deacon who had been appointed to make a short talk had been taken ill and could not be present. Over the protest of the presiding officer that it would be unfair to call another boy on such short notice, a Deacon was called to the stand and asked to tell what his quorum had done for him.

With a voice that quivered at first but gradually became stronger, the young man said: "We learn by doing. In our Priesthood quorum we sometimes do not realize that we are learning as much as we do but when the time comes and we need the information it is there."

Bishop Smith told this story at an-

other conference later and its inspiration was used as the theme of a poem by "Ed" Tuttle, a lover of boys and a poet, as the following verses will attest:

POWER

We are constantly learning by doing
And though we are quite unaware
Of the fountain of facts we are wooing
When we need them in life they are there.

If efforts appear to be shackled,
The problems today that impede,
We find if persistently tackled,
Will dwindle in size and recede.

Assuming that we have not faltered,
Opposing force seems to have ceased;
The task to be done is unaltered,
But the power to do has increased.
—Ed. Tuttle.

Rigby Stake Survey Reveals Important Information

ONE of the most complete and extensive surveys of young men of Aaronic Priesthood age ever made in the Church has been reported to the Presiding Bishopric from Rigby Stake, Elder S. R. Wilkinson, Stake Chairman of Aaronic Priesthood made the survey, using as a basis the census rolls of the public schools. From these rolls which were checked with the records of the schools, the name, age and address of practically every young man of Aaronic Priesthood age in every ward in the stake has been obtained.

These names are now being used in an extensive campaign by the Aaronic Priesthood and Correlation Committees of the Stake and Wards with splendid results.

Chairman Wilkinson, in his efforts to learn the actual conditions visited

each of the wards and checked the names in every possible manner. As a result the actual facts regarding activity or inactivity, not only in the Church but in school as well as now available.

Results of the survey have been made available to Bishops, Aaronic Priesthood Committees, Scout, Vanguard and M Men leaders and others. One interesting and helpful fact developed is that the number of young men inactive in Church work is practically the same as the number not attending school, although in many cases the same names are not involved. Another fact is that although the communities are small and great care was taken in making the school census, a considerable number of names were missed. The same condition exists in many wards, the ward records not being complete.

The survey has caused considerable discussion and renewed activity in Aaronic Priesthood activities has resulted. In an effort to increase activity a large card, 18 by 24 inches has been furnished for all quorums showing all the assignments Aaronic Priesthood members are authorized to fill. This was taken from the official Aaronic Priesthood quorum roll book.

Provo First Ward Deacons Have Good Record

AN enviable record in attendance and assignments filled is reported by supervisors of the first and second quorums of Deacons of Provo First Ward in Utah Stake. Particular pride has been taken by the members of both quorums in their personal appearance and in performing their duties. Fred Farmer and Morris Allman are the supervisors.

PROVO FIRST WARD DEACONS, PROVO, UTAH





ROLAND LAMAR HAMBLIN, DEACON,
EAGER WARD, ST. JOHNS STAKE

Faith Promoting Story of My Ancestors

Told by ROLAND LAMAR
HAMBLIN, Deacon, Eager
Ward, St. Johns Stake
(Winner in Contest for Best
Faith Promoting Story)

IN 1878 the Church called on thirteen men to locate suitable places for Mormon settlements in Arizona. With Daniel H. Wells as leader and Jacob Hamblin as guide, the party of thirteen reached Lee's Ferry on May 28, 1878. The Colorado River was at flood and

very dangerous. Six men and their outfits were loaded on the ferry boat and started across. To get across the river the ferry boat had to be pulled upstream by a cable. The men and teams on shore were working to pull the ferry. While it was coming upstream the cable broke and the ferry boat was swept clean of all its load.

The men on the boat were soon seen clinging to the floating wagons. L. John Nuttall and Warren Hatch swam to safety on the same oar. My Great Grandfather, Jacob Hamblin, and my Grandfather, Ellis Whitney Wiltbank, rushed out from shore in a small skiff and rescued several men. While they were moving among the floating wagons one oar caught in a wagon wheel and was wrenched from their hands. The other oar was broken; so it was of no use. With no oar to guide them, they soon swept down on the rapids below the ferry. At the mouth of the rapids they rescued John Carter from the top of a floating buggy. If they got into the rapids they would surely be drowned. Realizing their danger the three men silently prayed for help. Jacob Hamblin broke the silence by saying, "It's each man and his Maker for himself." The boat instantly turned half around and headed for the shore, where it soon arrived in safety. It was doubtless the hand of God that saved these three men at this time. Bishop Roundy, a member of the party, was drowned and his body was never found. The wagons and provisions were lost.



DOUGLAS BATEMAN, TEACHER, PLEASANT
GREEN WARD, OQUIRRH STAKE

Pleasant Green Teacher Has Remarkable Record

FROM the Aaronic Priesthood committee of Pleasant Green Ward in Oquirrh stake comes a report of a remarkable record in Aaronic Priesthood, Sunday School, Scouting, Seminary and school, made by Douglas Bateman. This young man is now a Teacher, being second counselor in his quorum.

These are some of the achievements with which he is credited:

Has paid tithing every year since 1927, when he was nine years old.

Entered Scouting as a Tenderfoot in 1932.

Served three years as a Deacon, being secretary and first and second counselor in different quorums.

Became a Life Member of the Y. M. M. I. A. at 12 years of age, being one of the youngest members of the Church to have such membership.

In 1934 filled more assignments than any member of the Teachers' quorum of his ward.

In 1933 was president of his Seminary class and Vice-President of the boys' glee club.

Has been baptized in the Temple for 40 people.

Did not miss a Priesthood, Sunday School or Seminary class or Sacrament meeting during 1933, for which he was awarded a Book of Mormon and a pencil. He was also awarded a copy of the Doctrine and Covenants for 100% attendance at Priesthood meeting in 1934 and has a near-perfect attendance for last year in all activities.

Has been president of his Sunday School class and has served as a Ward Teacher for two years.

S. S. Batemen, father of Douglas, is ward chairman of Aaronic Priesthood.



BERKELEY WARD SCOUTS (OAKLAND STAKE) TROOP NO. 8, BERKELEY-CONTRA COSTA COUNCIL

Top row: Phares W. Dunyon, Bishop, Francis R. Wilcox, Reed S. Gardner, J. Edward Johnson (chairman troop committee), Ward Hall (Eagle, and Asst Scout Master), Harley Parker, Lynn Knight (Eagle, and Junior Asst Scout Master), Edward Pyle (Eagle, and Junior Asst Scout Master), Robert Hulch Johnson (Eagle, and Junior Asst Scout Master), Russell Ball, Dr. Raymond L. Knight (Scout Master).

Bottom row: Werlie Gleason, Larry Pyle, Jay Miller, Donald Rawson, Kent Harmon, Preston Erickson, Paul Stout, James Ruff.

Members of Troop Committee absent: A. D. Erickson, I. B. Ball, Richard W. Young, Jr., Dr. Heber Russell, Dr. Douglas Ream.

Scouts absent: Chandler Young, Thomas Banning, Lawrence Stout, Marion Hulch Johnson, Eddie Howe, Jack Bigler, Clyde Hill, Rodman Fullmer, John Haugartner, John Deal, Julian Kelley, LeRoy Lattimer.

Berkeley Scouts Active

SCOUT TROOP 8 of the Berkeley Ward in the Oakland Stake is an active, progressive group according to reports from the ward officers. One

significant reason for its success is apparent from the picture in this issue showing the Bishopric and other leading adults interested in the troop and its welfare.

Mutual Messages



Send all Correspondence to Committees Direct to General Offices

General Superintendency

Y. M. M. I. A.
ALBERT E. BOWEN
GEORGE Q. MORRIS
FRANKLIN L. WEST
OSCAR A. KIRKHAM
Executive Secretary

General Offices Y. M. M. I. A.
50 NORTH MAIN STREET
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Offices Y. W. M. I. A.
33 BISHOP'S BUILDING
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Presidency

Y. W. M. I. A.
RUTH MAY FOX
LUCY GRANT CANNON
CLARISSA A. BEESLEY
ELSIE HOGAN
Secretary



THE FIRST MEETING OF THE NEW GENERAL BOARD OF THE Y. M. M. I. A.

Left to right: John D. Giles, Field Representative; Scout and Vanguard Committee; D. E. Hammond, Scout Committee; Axel Madsen, Adult Committee; Lyman L. Daines, Senior Committee; Ored Raymond, Scout Committee; Richard Evans, Adult Committee; Stringham A. Stevens, Era Committee; John H. Taylor, Community Activity Committee; George Q. Morris, First Assistant General Superintendent and General Manager of The Improvement Era; Albert E. Bowen, General Superintendent; Oscar A. Kirkham, Executive Secretary and Chairman of the Activity Committee; Alma H. Pettigrew, General Secretary; Franklin S. Harris, M Men Committee; Harrison R. Merrill, Senior Committee and Associate Editor of The Improvement Era; W. O. Robinson, Field Secretary and Community Activity Committee; Floyd Eyre, M Men Committee; Burton K. Farnsworth, M Men Committee; Elmer Christensen, Vanguard Committee; Philo T. Farnsworth, Scout Committee; Joseph F. Smith, Community Activity Committee. The following were excused from this first meeting: Franklin L. West, Second Assistant General Superintendent; J. Spencer Cornwall, Music Director; Homer C. Warner, M Men Committee; W. Wallace McBride, Vanguard Committee.

The following article is the message delivered by Superintendent A. E. Bowen, Sunday morning, April 7, in the special M. I. A. meeting held in the Assembly Hall during the annual conference of the Church.

Our M. I. A. Motto "The Glory of God is Intelligence"

By Superintendent Albert E. Bowen

THOSE who made this program ordained that I should say a word about our M. I. A. motto: "The Glory

of God is Intelligence." Before beginning, however, to discuss that subject I want to make acknowledgment

of the very generous and kind help we have had so far from the Presidency of the Church and from the Council of the Twelve Apostles, and others of the General Authorities.

If anybody has ever told you that

the President tries to dominate people in this Church, my experience to this hour puts me in a position to refute any such suggestion. As he told you he gave us a free hand. When I was called to the President's office and was asked to assume this position, President Grant and President McKay were there. Both pledged their full help, and they have more than fulfilled their pledge to this date. President Clark had left for the East before the announcement was made to me, but he took from his busy time enough of it to write with his own hand a personal letter filled with wisdom and good counsel.

I had to go to Washington immediately following the announcement. When I got there I found that a matter had been discussed in the Congress of the United States which involved quoting upon the floor of the Senate from contributions that had been made by President Clark, and I actually found that in the papers in the National Capital he was given more space and more attention than the men who had spoken in the Senate. I appreciate a man as busy as that taking his time to write.

The retiring Superintendency, as a unit, have been generous in their profers of help, and I am sure we can rely upon their continued guidance. We want it.

We thank all the members of the previous board for the work they have done. We realize that it has been well done. We do not expect to have any revolutions; we shall be happy if we can carry on as well as they have done, and push just a little farther ahead.

Now to the text. Realizing the shortness of time, and the necessity for quoting, I have written down a few things.

The complete text from which our motto is taken reads. "The Glory of God is Intelligence, or, in other words, light and truth." From this we learn that intelligence is synonymous with light and truth, and hence that light and truth are the Glory of God. Indeed truth is the principle upon which Jesus was glorified. Of Him John said:

"And I, John, saw that he received not of the fulness at first, but received grace from grace.

"And he received not of the fulness at first, but continued from grace to grace till he had received a fulness. . . .

"And I, John, bear record that he received a fulness of the glory of the Father."

That is to say, when Jesus had attained to, or had received, a fulness of truth, He also received a fulness of glory for the two are one. It is only through the mastery of truth that man will attain to eternal glory. Jesus said:

"He that keepeth the commandments receiveth truth and light, until he is glorified in truth and knoweth all things."

We read also that God has said it

is His work and His "glory to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man." We therefore may, I think, conclude that it is the Glory of God to bring man into the full effulgence of light and truth. Thus man finds God working with him to bring about his attainment to glory. Man has only to lend cooperation. In him as his endowment, is the seed of truth or intelligence which makes the high goal attainable. To reach it he must garner truth by the way, and he does it by learning to understand things about him. On the very day of his creation he was told he was to be allowed to subdue the earth and to have dominion over it and over every other created thing, all of which were made for his good. God said:

"Let him have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth."

Man's task, therefore, is to establish his dominion, which involves a mastery of the handiwork of his Creator. Surely a very certain way of elevating man toward the plane of Deity! When the created thing is fully understood, then there must be large knowledge about the creator of it. Providentially, too, man's environment lures him to his task. The very earth on which he stands parades before him interesting and provoking phenomena. In never ending sequence day follows night; seasons come and go; verdure flourishes and decays; life itself passes into death. His body craves food, shelter, protection. The earth affords the means to satisfy these wants. Familiarity with things about him reveals increased ways of making them serve his desires.

He has but to open his eyes to see that out in space beyond the planet he inhabits, are the sun, the moon, and the myriad stars. Their glittering immensity is a daily challenge to his curiosity and a constant irritant to his circumscribed understanding.

His soul surges in response to the grandeur about him, and finally a David, in a burst of poetic fervor, pours forth the universal adoration:

"The heavens declare the Glory of God; and the firmament sheweth His handiwork."

"Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge."

"There is no speech nor language, where His voice is not heard."

"Their line has gone out through all the earth, and their works to the end of the world. In them hath He set a tabernacle for the sun."

"Which is as a bridegroom coming out of the chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race."

"His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of the earth; and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof."

This quality in man which makes him responsive to the universe about

him, the power to observe and to be attracted by phenomena, the power to wonder, to be stirred by curiosity, the capacity to know and to apprehend, these are at the very gateway to the path of knowledge. They are among the attributes of intelligence. They constitute man's gift or endowment; they distinguish him from all other created things. Possessed of them he is impelled to satisfy aroused curiosity; he is launched upon the never ending quest for knowledge. Through knowledge man makes conquest of the universe, and moves toward a realization of the dominion that was offered him on the day of his creation.

With expanding knowledge comes ever-increasing power and enlarged dominion. Only in the degree that knowledge approaches a fulness of perfection can man establish completeness of dominion and realize his destiny. Verily knowledge is power. No man can acquire too much knowledge. It is the key that unlocks the door to the treasure house and lays bare to the gaze of man the treasures there concealed.

But intelligence means more than knowledge. It implies the application of knowledge to useful and righteous ends. It connotes wisdom, of which Carlisle said that it consists in "Sound appreciation and just decisions to all the objects that come round about you, and the habit of behaving with justice." Musing upon that sublime quality the profound old Scotsman exclaimed:

"In short, great is wisdom—great is the value of wisdom. It cannot be exaggerated. The highest achievement of man—'blessed is he that getteth understanding' . . . if that is a failure, all is a failure."

Solomon, the wise man of Israel, declared:

"Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding."

"Exalt her, and she shall promote thee: she shall bring thee to honor, when thou dost embrace her."

"She shall give to thine head an ornament of grace: a crown of glory she shall deliver to thee."

"Hear, oh my son, and receive my sayings: and the years of thy life shall be many."

"I have taught thee in the way of wisdom; I have led thee in right paths."

"When thou goest, thy steps shall not be straitened; and when thou runnest thou shalt not stumble."

God grant to us that we may be endowed with this spirit of wisdom that leads us to do justly in all the things with which we have to deal, and through the practice of such virtue we may unfold the God-given powers latent within us, and one day rise to the high state of glory which He has promised those who do His will. I pray in the name of Jesus. Amen.

The M. I. A. Extends Into Mexico

(New Year's Day Commemorated by Excursion to Floating Gardens. Mutual Work Eagerly Adopted by Mexican Saints. Interview with Prominent Government Officials Prove M. I. A. to be in Harmony With Nation's New Socialistic Move.)

THE New Year was greeted with enthusiasm by the Mutuals of Mexico City and San Pedro Martin, as the two branches united in an interesting excursion to the Floating Gardens of Mexico, Xochimilco.

The gathering place for the group was at Xochimilco's Zocalo, or plaza, at ten o'clock sharp, New Year's Morning. We found the entire crowd impatiently waiting; anxious to set off. Spirits were high as we marched fifty-six strong through the quaint little village to the embarking place.

Expecting to spend a precious hour bickering and bartering for a canoe, we were all happily surprised on reaching the water-front to find awaiting us a large canoe bearing the letters A. M. M. worked in white flowers over the arched entrance. The letters stand for Asociacion de Mejoramiento Mutuo—M. I. A. to you. More people had come than anticipated and after unsuccessfully trying to crowd them all into one boat, we had to charter a second one.

Xochimilco is located about fifteen miles southeast of Mexico City.

Tiring a little after two hours on the canal, we landed at a beautiful, shady grove. An improvised volley-ball

court was soon set up. The game progressed marvelously, in spite of the twenty-odd players on each side, until the call of "a comer!" was sounded. Then, as one man, the now hungry participants vacated the court, leaving the one at service with ball in hand.

The remainder of the day was spent playing games and returning to the starting place. At six in the evening a tired but happy crowd said, "hasta manana;" a day not soon to be forgotten; the first Mutual hike a success.

The Mexican people of Mexico, for the first time, are enjoying the many benefits and privileges offered through the Mutual Improvement Association. In September of the current Mutual year, Associations were organized in the branches of Mexico City, San Pedro Martin, and Tecalco, Mexico; San Gabriel Ometoxtila, Puebla; Cautla, Morelos; Tecomatlan and San Marcos, Hidalgo. Although the work is new, the organizations have taken hold with enthusiasm and are gradually falling in line with the regular Mutual program; endeavoring to make this, their first year, a banner one.

Mexico, today, is awake to the need of developing her men and women of tomorrow physically, morally, and mentally.

Recently, on interviewing prominent Government officials and explaining to them the ideals and standards held by the Mutual Improvement Association, one of them fervently stated, "I wish we had ten thousand of you people instead of only a few hundred." He then went on to say that the Government approved of all such movements

as they were in accord with the Government's own Socialistic plan.

With such backing, confidence in the Mutual cause, and faith in our leaders and God, we have every hope for a bright future in the M. I. A. of Mexico.—E. LeRoy Hatch.

WE were so pleased with the results of our snow carnival this year, we thought we would like to tell others about it through the *Era*. The queens marched through the hall, preceded by three sweet little crown bearers carrying beautiful silver crowns on silk pillows, to the orchestra stand where they were crowned by the Mayor of the City. The hall was decorated in winter attire, and beautiful snow scenes were painted around the hall by one of our young artists.

This year was the sixth annual snow carnival we had held, and this year over two hundred and fifty couples attended.

We are grateful to the *Era*, for it was through its pages we received the idea of a snow carnival, and hope our experience may encourage others to do likewise. —Wallace Reeder, Third Ward Mutual, Brigham City, Utah.

REPORT of the Gold and Green Ball given by the Escalante North and South Wards, Garfield Stake, Feb. 12.

The hall was gaily decorated in gold and green crepe paper moss. A variation in the manner of selecting a queen was tried by these two wards.

A Gleaner Girl from each ward was voted on. Votes were a penny each. Enough money was raised to buy the



MEMBERS OF Y. W. M. I. A. GENERAL BOARD—TAKEN FEBRUARY 5, 1935

Back Row (left to right): Laura P. Nicholson, Grace C. Neslen, Martha G. Smith, Katie C. Jensen, Charlotte Stewart, Erma Roland, Evangeline T. Beesley, Emily H. Higgs, Agnes S. Knowlton, Thelma Woolley, Bertha K. Tinsley, Ethel S. Anderson.
Middle Row: Sarah R. Cannon, Emma Giddard, Ann Cannon, Lucy G. Cannon (First Counselor), Ruth May Fox (President), Clarissa A. Beesley (Second Counselor), Rose W. Bennett, Emily C. Adams.
Front Row: Helen S. Williams, Catherine Folsom, Glenn J. Beesley, Rachel G. Taylor, Marie C. Thomas, Elsie T. Brandley, Julia S. Baxter, Elsie Hogan (Secretary).
Absent: Vida F. Clawson, Claire P. Dorius, Hazel Brockbank.

queen a beautiful green satin dress, which was presented to her.

Crowning of the queen was done by the girl with next highest votes.

Two of the M. I. A. dances were demonstrated by M Men and Gleaner Girls from both wards. The affair was voted as one of the most successful ever held.—*Mrs. Morris Shirts, President S. Ward Mutual.*

A THREE-ACT mystery comedy was presented by the South Ward Mutual, under the direction of Zelda Hansen, the play being among the best given in this locality in years. We feel that drama is a very important part of our activity and hope to produce more such plays.—*Mrs. Morris Shirts, Escalante South Ward, Garfield Stake.*

WE think a few words about our summer program may be interesting.

We held weekly meetings at the homes of the girls, two girls acting as hostesses. Our meetings were conducted just as M. I. A. meetings. We elected a secretary and have minutes and rolls of all meetings.

We studied the first aid course outlined in the Gleaner Manual. When we completed this we sent to the General Board and they sent us work from the "Charm Course" given by Sister Katie Jensen.

The crowning point of our summer's work was a demonstration and social with the girls' mothers and stake officers as invited guests.

We are united as leaders in saying that we have never enjoyed any work as much as the Gleaner work and have truly learned to love and respect the wonderful girls in our class.—*Fairview Gleaner Class, Leora Rich, Izora Hoopes, Gleaner Leaders.*

WE held our Gold and Green Ball on February 22 and, therefore, had a George and Martha Washington march. It was an enjoyable affair. We are liking Mutual better all the time, and we could not get along without the *Era*.—*Mrs. Waite, President Gooding Ward.*

ON February twelfth, the second annual "M" Men-Gleaner Girl banquet of the Houston Branch, Texas Mission, was held in the banquet room of the Houston Y. W. C. A. Cafeteria. The fifty-three guests enjoyed themselves greatly; more than half of them participating in the program of music, singing, and entertaining speech. It was in every way, a cultural and edifying program, and the enjoyment everyone received from the evening; the more firmly convinced us of the effectiveness of holding our banquet each year. Saints and investigator friends came closer together in this evening of social activity; and the good-

will and fellowship established, cannot be fully estimated.

The Mutual was happy to invite and receive as honorary guests, the Mission President and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Rowan, Jr., and the Houston Branch Presidency and their wives, *Darrel C. Ronnow, Houston Branch, Texas Mission.*

AMMON'S presentation of the 10-minute act, "The Moon Presents," won first place in the finals of the M. I. A. stake road show held at the tabernacle Wednesday evening. Idaho Falls Second Ward and Ucon tied for second honors.

Six wards competed for first and second places in the stake show, plays being presented by Ammon, the Idaho Falls First and Second Ward, Ucon, Lincoln, and Iona.

Stake officers and workers directed and assisted with all phases of the road show, which was held as an annual event for the second consecutive time this year.

THE most spectacular and outstanding event which has ever taken place in Los Angeles Stake was staged at the Huntington Park Stake Center, Friday, January 18, 1935. All spectators present expressed the opinion that it was a most unusual and brilliant success. About nine hundred people witnessed this beautiful colorful pageant.

The hall was decorated to represent an old castle. The lighting effects helped to produce the illusion.

This colorful Historical Pageant in Costume proved to be as delightfully entertaining as it was educational. Twelve periods in history which marked the evolution of international costume of the upper or nobility class in Europe and America were selected, beginning with the classic period of the Greeks and extending up to and ending with the year 1935. Each ward had selected a queen. Each queen was dressed in a costume representative of one of these twelve periods which had been drawn by the ward young ladies' president.

The pageant formed in the Huntington Park Recreation Hall, passed through the lounge, and then into the main hall. The queens and their escorts and attendants appeared in chronological order of the periods they represented.

DRAWING the largest crowd of any social event of the season, the annual Gold and Green Ball sponsored by the Idaho Falls L. D. S. Stake M. I. A. given Wednesday evening at Wandanere hall proved the most successful affair staged in several years.

Approximately one thousand invited guests filled the spacious hall, which was decorated for the occasion

in a green and gold color scheme. The orchestra platform, scene of coronation ceremonies for the M. I. A. queen, Mrs. Valerie Pope Crapo, was beautifully decorated in gold and green and the punch booth, presided over by Bee-Hive Girls of the Fourth Ward, stressed the same decorative idea. The girls wore clever costumes in white with green aprons and caps and served fruit punch throughout the evening.

THE cardston Ward Gleaner testimony meeting this year seemed to be very successful, the girls all seemed to feel so much at ease, and so free in bearing their testimonies. I had this picture taken, and would appreciate very much if it could be printed in the *Era*, am sure it would be so encouraging to the girls, there being thirty-four girls, the ward president, and myself at this meeting, it being one of the most sincere, faith promoting meetings we have ever held.—*Mrs. Agnes R. Miller, Cardston, Alberta.*

THE Burley Stake M. I. A. held their Green and Gold Ball at the Arcadia Ball Room with a record crowd in attendance. It was estimated that more than three hundred fifty couples were present.

The Hall was beautifully decorated in green and gold colors.

A queen was chosen from each of the nine wards and were the guests of honor.

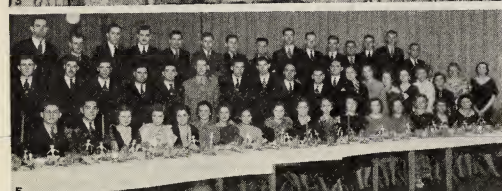
Each of the queens was presented with a gold compact by the Stake in appreciation.—*Anna Jeppson, Burley Stake.*

FOUR wards in the Twin Falls Stake joined together to make the Gold and Green Ball of 1935 one that will be remembered for its beauty, cultural tone, and social uplift, as well as a financial success. Each ward was well represented, making about fifteen hundred in all.

Our Improvement Era Commencement Ball, and Closing Ball, under the direction of the Stake *Era* leader, Mrs. Alice J. Richins, were also a great success. Our M. I. A. dramatic work has been outstanding with Mrs. Stella Oaks' inspirational directing—*Twin Falls Stake.*

THE Sheffield District of the British Mission have held two district socials. One, the Annual Gold and Green Ball, and the other the M Men-Gleaner Girl Banquet.

On behalf of the missionaries we send greetings to *The Improvement Era*. We look eagerly forward to the day that the *Era* is delivered to us each month. The *Era* is a help to us in our missionary duties. May God continue to bless such a noble staff, that is the instrument in putting forth such a noble publication.—*Herbert T. Edgar, Supervising Elder.*



1. M MEN AND GLEANER GIRLS' BANQUET, OGDEN STAKE.
2. QUEENS OF GOLD AND GREEN BALL AND ATTENDANTS, BURLEY STAKE.
3. QUEEN OF GOLD AND GREEN BALL AND ATTENDANTS, IDAHO FALLS STAKE.
4. WINNERS OF ROAD SHOW, AMMON WARD, IDAHO FALLS STAKE.
5. HOUSTON M. I. A. BANQUET, TEXAS MISSION.
6. M MEN AND GLEANERS BANQUET, STAR VALLEY STAKE.
7. GLEANER GIRLS OF CARDSTON 2ND WARD, ALBERTA STAKE.
8. CROWNING OF THE QUEEN OF THE GOLD AND GREEN BALL, SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND.
9. M MEN-GLEANER BANQUET, UNTARHAM, ENGLAND.
10. TODEE STAKE M MEN-GLEANERS.
11. GLEANER GIRLS, DETROIT BRANCH.
12. M MEN-GLEANER BANQUET, ROTHERHAM, ENGLAND.
13. CAST OF M MEN-GLEANERS, BOX ELDER STAKE.
14. GLEANERS, FAIRVIEW WARD, STAR VALLEY STAKE.
15. M. I. A. GROUP IN CANOE AT XOCHI-MILCO.
16. QUEEN OF GOLD AND GREEN BALL, GOODING, IDAHO, BLAINE STAKE.
17. QUEENS OF GOLD AND GREEN BALL AND ATTENDANTS, BRIGHAM CITY, UTAH.
18. QUEEN OF GOLD AND GREEN BALL AND ATTENDANTS, ESCALANTE WARD, GARFIELD STAKE.
19. QUEENS OF GOLD AND GREEN BALL AND ATTENDANTS, TWIN FALLS STAKE.

June Conference Program

THE June Conference of 1935 is to be outstanding. The dates are Friday, Saturday and Sunday, June 7, 8 and 9, but with the drama educational meet starting Thursday, June 6. The program, as outlined, covers a wide range of interest and will probably attract greater attendance in the general and department sessions than in any previous year. The official opening session of the Conference will be held Friday, June 7 at 9 a. m. in the Assembly Hall. The new General Superintendency of the Y. M. M. I. A. will participate for the first time in the annual Conference. All members of the Superintendency will appear as speakers during the sessions.

Events of signal interest in the program include addresses by all members of the First Presidency; the nine educational meets, culminating the year's work in appreciation courses throughout the Church, and setting standards for the coming season; the celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the Bee-Hive Girls organization; the annual reception and dance festival at Saltair with 500 couples dancing the four new dances introduced a year ago; introduction of the two new dances for next year; introduction of the new slogan for 1935-36; the Church Honor night; the hobby show; the annual M. I. A. testimony meeting; and the introduction of the study and appreciation courses for the coming year for all departments.

Department sessions are to be featured prominently with several new features and methods of supervision being introduced. At the annual luncheon for Stake M. I. A. Superintendents and Presidents, the former members of the General Superintendency of the Y. M. M. I. A., Elders George Albert Smith, Richard R. Lyman and Melvin J. Ballard, will be special guests of honor.

Directors of *Era* and Publicity are to be given special recognition for the outstanding work done in the campaign which closed on April 15.

Finals in Church-wide tournaments in M Men soft-ball, tennis, Vanguard archery and model airplane flying, are scheduled for prominent places in the program. The M Men delegate convention will also be a feature. Executives of the M. I. A. are negotiating with some outstanding national figures for participation in the Conference events.

An outline of the program is printed, herewith. Complete details, including housing, leaders, etc., will be published in special programs for distribution in advance of the Conference.

Thursday, June 6:

2:00 p. m. to 4:00 p. m.—Drama Educational meet.

6:30 p. m. to 7:30 p. m.—Drama Educational meet.

8:15 p. m. to 11:00 p. m.—Drama presentation.

Friday, June 7:

9:00 a. m. to 10:00 a. m.—Opening Session of Conference.

10:15 a. m. to 12 noon—Educational meets in all appreciation courses including drama, music, speech, dancing, social conduct, conversation, hobbies, reading and story.

10:15 a. m. to 12 noon—Annual Convention of M Men delegates.

12:15—Organ Recital, Tabernacle.

1:45 p. m. to 3:30 p. m.—Educational meets in all appreciation courses.

5:00 p. m. to 7:00 p. m.—Reception at Saltair.

8:00 p. m. to 9:00 p. m.—Dance Festival Demonstration of the four special dances on this year's program, with 500 couples participating. Introduction of the two new dances for 1935-36.

9:00 p. m. to 11:00 p. m.—Social Dancing.

Saturday, June 8:

8:30 a. m. to 9:30 a. m.—General Session.

9:45 a. m. to 12 noon—Department Sessions.

12:15 p. m. to 2:15 p. m.—Stake Superintendents and Presidents Luncheon.

2:00 p. m. to 6:00 p. m.—Vanguard Archery finals.

2:30 p. m. to 4:15 p. m.—General Session.

3:30 p. m. to 4:30 p. m.—Model airplane flying tournament.

7:30 p. m. to 9:30 p. m.—Church Honor Night.

Sunday, June 9:

8:00 a. m. to 9:45 a. m.—Testimony Meeting.

10:00 a. m. to 12 noon—General Sessions for Y. M. M. I. A. and Y. W. M. I. A. separately.

2:00 p. m. to 4:00 p. m.—General Session in Tabernacle under the direction of the First Presidency of the Church.

7:30 p. m. to 9:30 p. m.—General Session.

a. Celebrating the twentieth anniversary of the Bee-Hive Girls organization.

b. Special features under the direction of the General Superintendency and Presidency.

A Romance of Two Cities

(Continued from page 363)

haste for patience was never a virtue with me."

This time the silence was as the other extreme had been. Out of it the hag's voice came hollow and sepulchral:

"Heed well, David of Zarahemla, to the long-coming plan of the gods and when thou leavest the City, she, too, shall go—"

DAVID, catching his breath, half rose. The voice continued:

"Wine, commanded by Bithna, shall cause the Lamanites to sleep heavily. Be prepared. Have King Limhi send thee as one to carry his offering of wine to the marriage feast. Nephites do not recognize the law of the Lamanite, so be prepared and the Incomparable One, too, shall accompany thee—"

With a cry, David sprang upon the crouching figure. His strong fingers closed about her throat. She fought desperately, throwing herself forward and back, clutching, reaching, tearing at him with wild claws, but his superior strength bore her relentlessly to the floor. With purpling face, she nodded defeat. His fingers loosed their hold slightly.

"Tell me," he commanded, "who among us is the traitor?"

"The gods—" she began, but his fingers choked back the words. Scrambling for relief, she capitulated. David rested on his heels and demanded:

"Out with it or I will choke the breath from thy bony body."

Bithna did not answer at once. She clutched at her throat, passed her hand over her eyes and drew in great breaths which she expelled with difficulty.

"Speak!"

At his sharp tone, she started violently, then said slowly:

"There be no traitor."

David laughed harshly.

"Just one moment more." He reached for her, but with a great sigh as of resignation, she took from her finger a ring and handed to him. He examined it lightly at first, then with serious intent. It was broad and of curious workmanship. Inside was the signet of Limhi, King of the Nephites.

"Thou art a thief as well as a spy," he said positively, "for King Limhi has no need of an ally such as thee."

Silently she arose, took a torch, lit it at the fire, and went to the curtain that hung at the back of the room.

"Come," she commanded, needlessly, for he was at her side.

DRAWING aside the curtain, she swung back a panel and disclosed an opening—and in it she held high her light. David gaped incredulously. Before him receded a flight of stone steps huge and solid. He followed closely as Bithna descended them. Ahead, faintly outlined and running away into blackness was a hall, with basket upon basket of grain, shining golden maize and brown tinted barley. He drew his breath sharply. The Witch smiled cryptically, and drew him on. More grain and still more. Where had it come from and why had it not been used to feed the hungering City?

David recalled tales of the witch's hold on the Lamanites—yet she and her grandchild both looked half starved. He gave a violent start. What had he heard? That the child had died recently, illness induced by hunger, someone had said. Then, startlingly, her motive stood clear before him, the motive behind this hoarding of grain. The grain—King Limhi's ring—but what a motive that gave such self control and abstinence.

PAST the grain Bithna sped with astonishing speed, on and on through the darkness. When she stopped, they were facing a stone door.

"Open it," she commanded. One hand holding her, David tried with the other. It stood solid as a mountain, indifferent to his puny strength.

"Use both hands," she urged. Still it refused to budge. Handing him the torch she removed a small stone from one side of the casement and thrust in a bony hand.

"Now try."

It swung in with astonishing ease, disclosing another flight of steps that rose into the night. Up they went, through another door and David found himself in a thicket of underbrush and trees. He gazed about incredulously. A short distance behind lay the sombre stone walls of the city faintly etched in the darkness.

"The secret pass," he ejaculated.

"The secret pass," she echoed, then, "we must haste."

Drawing the shrubs and vines close, to again screen the opening, they retraced their steps to the stone door, through the blackness, passed the grain and up the steps again.

Not until they were within Bithna's room again did either speak.

"Dost thou believe me now?" she asked.

David was full of curiosity, but she brushed aside his questions.

"'Tis a long story, but another time shall thou hear how Jehovah touched the heart of the witch. Thou seest for thyself why I continue in sorcery—"

She stopped abruptly and urged him none too gently back through the panel and drew the curtain. David's foot kept the panel from closing completely and in her haste she failed to notice. He put his ear to the opening and listened. He heard footsteps, the murmuring of voices, then the angry voice of a Lamanite came to him clearly:

"But here is gold—"

"Corn," the witch reiterated smoothly, and David imagined her unconcernedly gazing into the fire. After a pause, he heard footsteps receding and almost at once they returned with others. David grinned—the Lamanite must have expected the order.

"How much?"

The witch snapped—"Three baskets."

The Lamanite had reentered the inner room, evidently the corn stayed in the outer; and the eager listener heard him grunt heavily as he sank to the cushion.

The witch then began her ritual, and what David had heard before, was as nothing compared with it. Evidently, she meant to give her superstitious visitor full value for his coin—or corn, rather. His frightened gasps reached the eager listener, and David's own heart pounded violently in spite of his reasonings. Resolutely, he turned his thoughts to this passage—the secret pass, known only to a few and the cynosure of all their hopes of escape. No wonder the witch lived in this hovel. There was no danger of its discovery so long as she guarded its entrance—and the grain! How long she must have been accumulating it. What a God-send if she meant it for the people. With their increased strength from a good summer and this grain to feed them on their way, King Limhi's plan of escape to Zarahemla was worthy of fulfillment. That plan was secret, known only to a trusted few, yet this witch—a thought sprang suddenly into his mind—the Lamanite, The Mighty One, his arch

enemy, perhaps it was he in there with the witch. He listened intently.

"The answer has come," the voice came to him distinctly, but in a voice strange to his ear. It was heavy and strong, vibrant with power. Was another in the room or could it be the witch. The voice was continuing:

"Oh Mighty One, in whom the gods and thine own king are well pleased—take heed! Watch thy noble footsteps for there is danger abroad. Thy fears are well founded."

David drew in a sharp breath. It was Bithna. Her vocal powers were diabolic and what was she telling?

"... These strangers mean harm to thee—" her voice sank lower—"until the night of thy marriage they will do nothing—"

With an oath, the Lamanite sprang to his feet; David hurled himself through the opening and under the curtain—fool he'd been to trust the old hag. He'd strangle them both. He poised for a spring—then curt and commanding, came the witch's words, rapped with anger:

"Keep thine eyes upon the fire, oh great and illustrious Nana-aha, lest the spell be broken and we learn nothing; watch closely. All evil and intruding spirits, depart."

THERE was no doubt for whom that command was given, and David hesitated. The Lamanite sank to the cushion, his eyes focused upon the fire, which, with a swift pass of Bithna's hand had dimmed startlingly. Again, she was muttering meaningless phrases, her voice growing louder and more high pitched with each word. David dropped the curtain before him. He could wait and if need be, stop the Lamanite before he left the room.

When he dropped the curtain, Bithna's voice instantly dropped to a normal level, and she said evenly:

"Once more the gods favor us—follow closely as they continue."

"Among these strangers, is one who covets thy bride. He plans to do thee harm and steal her before she becomes thy wife. For thy protection have all thy men attend thee at the finishing of the marriage ceremony—let only the guards remain at each gate—keep the others within thy sight. Two

at each gate can protect the City from the puny strength of thy slaves. Guard thine own person well, and when the Fair One has been thy bride one night and one day, return and the gods will tell thee where the strangers hide. Then their punishment may be swift and sure. The time is not yet ripe for their capture, so watch carefully and bide thy time."

Much more she said, launching into a torrent of praises for the Mighty One and his valiant men;

Brigham Young and the "Youth Movement"

(Continued from page 356)

it are combined a dancing-room and a small stage for theatrical performances. That is our fun-hall, and not a place in which to administer the sacrament. We dedicated it to the purpose for which it was built, and from the day we first met there until now I would rather see it laid in ashes in a moment than to see it possessed by the wicked. We prayed that the Lord would preserve it to the Saints; and if it could not thus be preserved, let it be destroyed and not be occupied by the wicked. You know what spirit attends that room. There we have had governors, judges, doctors, lawyers, merchants, passers-by, etc., who did not belong to our Church, and what has been the universal declaration of each and every one? 'I never felt so well before in all my life at any party as I do here;' and the Saints do not feel as well in any other place of amusement." (J. D. 9:194.)

He advised other communities to do likewise. On one of his trips to the settlements he said:

"I would be very pleased to learn that your Bishop, Brother Miller, was preparing a place for parties; with a little pond to float boats on, and other means of enjoyment, where the people could assemble to have their exercises. Get the young minds to follow after you in these things, and they will follow after you in every precept that is good. And I would like to hear of other Bishops taking steps to prepare suitable places for the same purpose." (J. D. 12:239.)

PLEASURES OF SALT LAKE

FROM the first the people were advised to enjoy the pleasures of boating and bathing in the Salt Lake and also to use the hot springs for their health as well as their pleasure. During the near-famine of 1848 when so many crops had been destroyed by the crickets, the people were bent on using every

their Gods were well pleased with them and would aid them in defending the City—only he must wait the word of command.

When the sound of his retreating footsteps had died away, David, rather crestfallen stepped from behind the curtain. Bithna sat as before.

"A rash head is a worse enemy to his City than a spy," she remarked acridly. David flushed.

"No harm was done."

"But not through any merit of

possible means of increasing the food supply. Brother Thomas J. Thurston, one of the resourceful men of that day, decided to build a boat and explore the islands in the lake on a chance of adding somewhat to their food prospects. His daughter, Mrs. Julia Cordelia Thurston Smith, wrote feelingly of this event:

"Because of the scarcity of food, people were investigating every avenue that seemed possible to furnish food and my father, Stephen Spaulding, William W. Potter and Joseph Mount built a boat with which to explore Salt Lake and the large island lying west of the city and with Jedediah M. Grant and Parley P. Pratt as invited guests were the first of our people to navigate the lake. They named their boat the 'Mud Hen' on account of the game they killed on their trip.

"The boat was built in our house. Mother had a beautiful oiled tablecloth, pale blue with cross bars in the center and flowers on the edge, much too good to use on our rough table, and so she kept it carefully rolled up on a roller. . . . You may imagine how I felt when my father tore this beautiful cloth into strips two or three inches wide and covered it with black tar and 'corked' the boat with it!"

The young people of that day, however, enjoyed the pleasures of the lake, as they do today.

DANCING AND SOCIAL DIVERSION

WISE leaders recognize that young people must have an outlet for their youthful energies and if it can be made legitimate and up-building then their whole being is benefited. The people were encouraged to dance away their cares as well as to sing away their gloom. Brigham's opinion is thus expressed:

"Our work, our every-day labor, our whole lives are within the scope of our religion. This is what we believe and what we try to practice. Yet the Lord permits a great many things that He never commands. I have frequently heard my old brethren in the Christian world make remarks about the impropriety of indulging in pastimes and amusements. The

thine;" then she continued rapidly. "Thou knowest Gideon's plan to send wine, much wine, to the marriage feast. Be one who helps to carry it. Once inside the Lamanite stronghold remain and see that doors are unbarred from within. Await me there and—" she eyed him scornfully, "guard thyself well. Now go."

"But—," he began.

"Begone," she commanded, and David went.

(To be Concluded)

Lord never commanded me to dance, yet I have danced; you all know it, for my life is before the world. Yet while the Lord has never commanded me to do it, He has permitted it. I do not know that He ever commanded the boys to go and play at ball, yet He permits it. I am not aware that He ever commanded us to build a theatre, but He has permitted it, and I can give the reason why. Recreation and diversion are as necessary to our well-being as are the more serious pursuits of life. There is not a man in the world but what, if kept at any one branch of business or study, will become like a machine. Our pursuits should be so diversified as to develop every trait of character and diversity of talent. If you would develop every power and faculty possessed by your children, they must have the privilege of engaging in and enjoying a diversity of amusements and studies; to attain great excellence, however, they cannot all be kept to any one individual branch of study." (J. D. p. 60-61.)

His view of dancing as a diversion is wholesome. President Woodruff tells us that:

"The following are the words of President Young which gave his views of the ball room, and which he gave on the evening of the 2nd, 1854: 'I consider this a suitable place to give some instructions. The world considers it very wicked for a Christian to hear music and to dance. Many preachers say that fiddling and music come from hell, but I say there is no fiddling, there is no music in hell. Music belongs to heaven, to cheer God, angels, and men. If we could hear the music there is in heaven, it would overwhelm us mortals. Music and dancing are for the benefit of holy ones, and all those who come here tonight who are not holy and righteous and do not worship God have no right to come here.' . . . Dancing is no part of our religion; but when we attend to it for our amusement, we do it in the name of the Lord, just as we attend to any other business." (History of Wilford Woodruff, p. 354.)

LEST some might misinterpret his position, he said further on this topic:

"I want it distinctly understood that fiddling and dancing are no part of our worship. The question may be asked, What is it for then? I answer, that the body may keep pace with the mind. My mind labors like a man logging all the

time; and this is the reason why I am fond of these pastimes; they give me a privilege to throw everything off, and shake myself, that my body may exercise, and my mind rest. What for? To get strength, and be renewed and quickened, and enlivened, and animated, so that my mind may not wear out. Experience tells us that the most of the inhabitants of the earth wear out their bodies without wearing their minds at all, through the sufferings they endure from hard labor, with distress, poverty and want. While on the other hand, a great portion of mankind wear out their bodies without laboring, only in anxiety." (*Mill. Star*, 1852, pp. 261-262.)

The attitude of the leaders toward the drama, music, and the arts was just as comprehensive and encouraging as it was toward dancing, picnics, or the more quiet social affairs of life. More aesthetic pleasures were not forgotten. Debating and Literary Societies were formed, chief of which was the so-called Polysophical Society. One of these sessions is described as follows:

"The Polysophical Society held a very brilliant celebration on the 24th and 25th of July in the Social Hall. Two bands of music were in attendance, a choir, a glee party, a serenade band, and a comic singer. There were also two pianos, which were played upon alternately by ladies, and appropriate addresses, essays, and poems were delivered by the various members, male and female. Altogether it was a rich intellectual feast." (George A. Smith. *Mill. Star*, Vol. 17, p. 631.)

THESE entertainments, remember, were held in 1855 in an outpost of civilization.

The celebration of National and State holidays was sane and furnished the people, young and old, with safe outlets for their emotions. The excursions which the leaders made to visit the settlements were always great events and gave the people much pleasure and recreation. At one of them Brigham said:

"The brethren here have caught us as they generally do. I had no thought of any person coming to meet us, nor of seeing the schools lining the road. I thank them for their good feelings to the Elders of Israel. But is there any good in it? Yes, it attracts the attention of the young people—that is, I mean all under a hundred years old—elevates their feelings, and is calculated to induce reflections and thoughts of a life that is useful; and they will think when we are going to have another meeting? When is Brother Brigham coming to see us again; with Brother Wells, and Brother Cannon, and others? It will have the effect of drawing them to good, and they will follow after good continually. Is there any harm in Sunday School parties? No! It is one of the most harmless kinds of enjoyment when conducted aright. If they wish to dance,

let them dance; let them talk and play; but not do any wrong." (J.D. 12:239.)

THE POWER OF EVIL

NO one recognized more keenly than did Brigham Young that the evil one is ever on the alert to make the downward path seem alluring and glamorous. The young people of his day were not tempted with the social cigarette or cocktail being offered them on every hand and at any and all times, as they are today, but they unquestionably had to meet and overcome temptation. The leaders understood that most young people desire to do right and that only a very few perverts prefer evil to good. However, evil often comes in the guise of something socially correct and may be recognized only by the fact that its cumulative effects are demoralizing. No one ever does a great wrong at once; even the murderer has prepared himself for his final crime by a series of countless tiny offenses not essentially wicked in and of themselves. His downward course may have begun with the creation of an abnormal appetite and its indulgence with a harmless (so-called) little "White-slaver" or a "pick-me-up." Many find too late that indulgence of unnatural appetite leads to harm eventually—it cannot be otherwise—even though some through control may stop short of crime against anyone but themselves.



THE ANGEL MORONI AND JOSEPH SMITH FROM A MURAL IN A SALT LAKE CITY CHAPEL. PHOTO BY RICHARD RUST

Brigham well understood these truths and taught them. On one occasion he told in a rather graphic way how he had encountered evil and had won. He says:

"I remember that when I made a profession of religion, after being called an infidel by the Christians. I often used to get a little puzzled. The Evil One would whisper to me that I had done this, that, or some other thing wrong, and inquire whether that looked like a Christian act, and remark, 'You have missed it; you have not done right, and you know it; you did not do so well in such a thing as you might; and are you not ashamed of yourself in saying that you are a Christian? You profess the religion of Jesus Christ, and now manifest such weakness!' Said I, 'Mr. Devil, it is none of your business. You may go behind, or before, or in any other direction; but you and I have dissolved partnership; and what I do, I am accountable for to a more glorious Being than you are. So long as we were in partnership, I had to give an account of my doings to you; but now it is not for you to fret yourself about my doing, for you have no interest whatsoever in the matter.' And thus I have acted with him from that time until now." (J. D. 7:6.)

THE APEX OF THE "YOUTH MOVEMENT"

IN nothing did Brigham Young prove his wise grasp of the problems of youth more than in sponsoring the organizations for the young people of the Church. For nothing may we give him greater honor and gratitude, for the youth of today are the citizens of tomorrow and their welfare is paramount. In these organizations the preparation and demands of youth may be successfully met. They were organized by a wise leader that they might be conducted by young people for young people, to secure the permanent advancement of youth.

The young women were the first to be organized. This began as a retrenchment society for his daughters. His words on that occasion are pregnant with deep meaning:

"We are about to organize a Retrenchment Association, wherein I want you all to join, and I want you to vote to retrench in your dress, in your tables, in your speech, wherein you have been guilty of silly, extravagant speeches and light-mindedness of thought. Retrench in everything that is bad and worthless, and improve in everything that is good and beautiful. Not to make yourselves unhappy, but to live so that you may be truly happy in this life and the life to come." (History of the Y. L. M. I. A.)

The young men were organized six years after the young women, with similar aims for self-expression and self-improvement.

Junius F. Wells, who was called by Brigham Young to organize the Y. M. M. I. A., explains how the name came into being:

"The question came up as to what the society should be called; and as nearly as I can recall his (Brigham Young's) words they were as follows: 'We want to organize the young men into an association—an improvement association—a mutual improvement association—Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association. There's your name.' That is how we came by our name. Then he went on speaking in regard to our exercises. He said we should have a roll of all the members, and at the first meeting commence at the head of the roll and call upon them to arise and speak. Said he: 'We want to get our boys into the habit of trying to say something in the name of the Lord. More people have received testimonies on their feet than down on their knees praying for them.' (History of the Y. L. M. I. A., ch. 4, p. 61.)

THESE two associations have worked along parallel lines, but only in meetings of joint interest do they combine forces. Brigham Young opposed making the young ladies as individuals or as a ward unit, an adjunct to the young men's association. He said the girls needed the training and experience to be gained only when they were left to function as a separate organization, carrying out their own public activities. They met, as they do today, with the young men to combine programs and efforts in ward amusements, in monthly open programs, and the annual conferences in the big Tabernacle in Salt Lake City. Otherwise, the girls are allowed to work out their own problems.

These two powerful youth organizations have done "a marvelous work and a wonder" for the young people, many thousands of whom are now parents and grandparents of the youth of today. The good they have accomplished cannot be over-estimated.

AS a final message to young people Brigham Young might say as he did on one occasion:

"In their youth they ought to learn the principles and doctrines of their faith, the arguments for truth, and the advantages of truth.

"I wish the daughters of Israel to far exceed their mothers in wisdom. And I wish the young men and boys to far exceed their fathers. I wish my sons to far exceed me in goodness and virtue.

"I say to our young men, be faithful, for you do not know what is before you, and abstain from bad company and bad habits. Let me say to the boys, sixteen

years old and even younger, make up your minds to mark out the path of rectitude for yourselves, and when evil is presented, let it pass by unnoticed by you and preserve yourselves in truth, in righteousness, virtue and holiness before the Lord.

"If the law of Christ becomes the tradition of this people, the children will be brought up according to the law of the celestial kingdom, else they are not brought up in the way they should go." (J. D. 3:327; 11:118; 2:17; 15:83.)

THE CALL OF YOUTH

BRIGHAM YOUNG's life expressed always a keen appreciation for and an understanding of the problems of youth. Could he speak with them today, knowing the many temptations which beset them, he would advise them to realize their privileges and opportunities before they are squandered in useless chasing after social prestige or other unworthy pursuits. He would assure them that the new modes of thought as developed from the great advance of science and philosophy may all fit into the gospel scheme, for that embraces all truth. A youth truly educated, or prepared for life, with as much time and thought being given to the development of the spirit or soul as to the mind, will never wander into the slough of doubt or despair and will always be protected from great temptation and sin. A youth prepared from childhood with ideals of truth and honor ingrained in his soul may demand from the future all the success and happiness to which man is heir. He cannot fail. For in the fine mechanism of character development planned for youth by Brigham Young and the Pioneers, full scope is given for the exercise of every latent gift and power of every one of the youth of modern Israel.

trusted to exercise full freedom to think and act for self in all the affairs of life! they understand that life is a great adventure and to succeed and live to the full they must give as prompt and intelligent obedience to the "rules of the game" in their religion (which are comprised in the principles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ) as they would respond to the directions of the captain of their football squad. No one resents obeying the rules or following direction of the captain of his team. So it is with life. Christ is our Captain and if we listen to His direction we are bound to win, ultimately.

Nor is the "Youth Movement" as planned by Brigham Young and his successors a solemn affair. All the joys of life (not the dissipations) belong by right to youth, who are given full freedom to grow in the exercise of every legitimate pleasure and pastime. The privilege of freedom to think, to act, to enjoy, to live wholly belongs in every age to those who choose to do right.

The challenge is yours, oh Youth of Today! What are you going to do with it? How are you going to meet it?

We bespeak success for you, as Brigham Young would do were he here today to give you his personal message of faith in your desire for righteousness and trust in your power for progress. You must "make good," for on your shoulders rests the future responsibility of the Cause of Truth which you must teach to the world for its regeneration. Truth and brotherly love alone may save the world from utter degeneration and darkness, and yours is the privilege to spread the Light.

The "Youth Movement" today as always is merely an attempt to find the better way of life and in that there is no safer guide than that prescribed in the Gospel of Jesus Christ.



"REEFED"

Photo by R. Warner Davidson, Vanguard Leader, Huntington Park Ward, Los Angeles.

I LOVE the acquaintance of a young people," said Dr. Samuel Johnson; "Because in the first place, I do not like to think myself growing old. In the next place, young acquaintances must last longest, if they do last; and then, sir, young men have more virtues than old men; they have more generous sentiments in every respect."

Honoring Karl G. Maeser

(Continued from page 343)

understand as much as I did. But it is only fair to say that every word was used exactly as it should have been, and that the man had a fine spirit. He had the finest vocabulary of any man I ever knew and was a first class Latter-day Saint. I do not remember now anything that he said.

The next man who got up to speak, if he had been offered a premium to murder the queen's English he could not have done it any better. He would have won first prize. I was attending a grammar school three evenings a week and we had to bring to class two sentences each time, sentences that we had heard that were not grammatically correct, with our corrections.

I said to myself, "I wish I could write with my left hand, I could get enough grammatical mistakes in thirty minutes to last me all winter in the night school. I searched my pockets again and found a letter on which was some blank space, and I started correcting the mistakes that the speaker made in his first sentence. I became interested in what the man was saying, and when he got through I was sitting there with the tears rolling down my cheeks. The first great profound impression made upon the eternal part of me (that shall live forever): viz., that God lives, that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, the Redeemer of the world, and that Joseph Smith was in very deed a prophet of God, was made upon me by that brother who murdered the queen's English.

THANK the Lord that from that day until today—and I am sure it is all of sixty years ago, because I will be seventy-eight next month, and I know I was not yet eighteen at the time—in time and eternity I shall be grateful to that brother. I would no more have thought of taking those corrections to that class and let them be laughed at by the students than I would have thought of profaning the name of God, and since that time it has never been offensive to me to hear a man murder the queen's English if he spoke under the inspiration of the Spirit of the Lord.

Again quoting:

"Say to thy soul, no unclean thing shall enter here."

"I would rather trust my child to a serpent than to place it in the hands of an irreligious teacher."

"All our prayers are addressed in the handwriting of the heart, readable to God and ourselves only."

"Authority must be as an iron fist in a velvet glove."

"The very term 'Authority' implies veneration."

"If we knew the design of our father in heaven in respect to us we would thank him for all the experiences that visit us."

"The Lord is never in debt to anyone."

"Make the man within you your living ideal."

"Youth demand recreation, and if it is not provided in high places, will seek it in low places."

"It is our privilege to become so attached to our duties that temptation shall have no power to lead us astray."

"The old man taught in a cabin but his boys have built a palace."

"Do we not often take the credit when we excel instead of giving it to God? We are not yet humble enough and therefore, when we offer a fine prayer or speech, or whatever it may be, we allow Satan to flatter us, and say, 'How beautiful.' To the Lord alone is due the praise."



Photo by Raymond Kooyman.
MILL IN OVER YOSEL, SWITZERLAND

I shall make a confession. When I was made the president of the Tooele Stake of Zion and made my maiden speech I ran out of ideas in seven and a half minutes by the watch. That night I heard a very contemptuous voice in the dark. "Well, it is a pity if the General Authorities of the Church had to import a boy from the city to come out here to preside over us they could not have found one with sense enough to talk ten minutes." So you see he held his stop watch on me, he knew I did not take ten minutes. I knew I did not, because I timed myself—seven and a half minutes was the limit. The next speech, and the next, and the next were the same. One of them was only five minutes. The next speech was at a little town called Vernon, sometimes called Stringtown, as it spread over twelve miles as I remember it.

As we were going to the meeting I was with the bishop, Brother John C. Sharp, and I did not see anybody going to meeting. The Bishop said, "Oh, there will be somebody there." We were going up a little hill and when we got to the top of the hill we found a number of wagons and white tops at the meeting house—it was a log meeting house—but did not see anybody going in.

I said: "There doesn't seem to be anybody going to meeting."

He said, "Oh, I think you'll find somebody there."

When we got inside, the meeting house was crowded. We went in at two minutes to two and nobody else came in afterwards. I congratulated the Bishop after the meeting on having educated his people to be so prompt.

He said: "Most of them have to hitch up a team to come here, and I have told them they could just as well hitch it up a few minutes earlier and be here at two minutes to two o'clock, so there will be no disturbance."

I had taken a couple of brethren with me that day to do the preaching. I got up expecting to take five or six minutes and talked forty-five minutes with as much ease, if not more, than I have ever enjoyed since. I shed tears of gratitude that night to the Lord for the inspiration of his Spirit.

The next Sunday I went to Grantsville, the largest town in Tooele County, and got up with

all the assurance in the world and told the Lord I would like to talk forty-five minutes, and ran out of ideas in five. I not only ran out of ideas in five minutes, but I was perspiring and walked fully two and a half if not three miles, after that meeting, to the farthest haystack in Grantsville, and kneeled behind that haystack and asked the Lord to forgive me for my egotism in that meeting and made a pledge to the Lord that never again in my life would I stand before an audience without asking for His Spirit to help me, nor would I take personally the credit for anything I said, and I have kept this pledge.

Things were brought to my mind in that forty-five minute speech at Vernon which I had learned as a child. I won a prize for repeating better than any other student in the Thirteenth Ward Sunday School five chapters from Jacques' Catechism. If you had ever seen it you would think it was nearly as much as repeating the four Gospels in the New Testament.

QUOTING again:

"He who deceives others is a knave, but he who deceives himself is a fool."

"The Lord has unconditionally declared the triumph of His Church, but his promises to me are all conditional. My concern, therefore, is about myself."

"What we did before we came here conditions us here, and what we do here will condition us in the world to come."

"If it should please my Heavenly Father, I shall be a teacher in Heaven."

"Let your first 'Good Morning' be to your Father in Heaven."

I remember hearing him say, "And let your last 'Good Evening' be to your Father in Heaven also."

"A true Latter-day Saint is one who has dedicated himself, soul and body, to God in all things temporal and spiritual, in all his doings, in all the meditations of his heart, in all his desires, his anticipations and hopes for the future, in life and death; to belong to the Lord only, and has based all his actions, all his thoughts, all his endeavors, all his interests upon that foundation—that he belongs to the Lord." This is the only one of all the chapter headings which I was going to read.

He was a man of marvelous and wonderful faith. I shall read an instance kindly related by H. H. Cummings.

"One morning while I was visiting the Academy at Provo, I noticed Brother Maeser entering the building, looking pale and tired. He was, to all appearances, a very sick man, but he pursued his usual labors without complaint. It was early fall, school had just opened

and the weather was hot and sultry. The mass of new students had to be taken care of, and the number of visitors like myself drew somewhat on his time and energy.

"My sympathy was immediately aroused in his favor, and once or twice I thought to suggest to him that he ought to go home and go to bed. He went home to his lunch and returned looking so refreshed, so full of vigor, that I expressed to him my surprise and gratification at the great improvement so evident in his physical condition, for I told him that his appearance during the forenoon made me feel that he ought to be in bed.

"Seeing my interest in and solicitude for him, he modestly told me what had happened during the noon hour. I wish I were able to quote his exact words, so full of humble, child-like faith. They made a deep impression upon my mind, as I am sure they would on the mind of anyone who should read them.

"He related that when he reached home he had such a headache and felt so ill, he said he could not continue his work for the day in that condition. 'So I went,' he said, 'into my closet and knelt down before the Lord and told him I had so much work to do and it was so important, that he must make me well, and I was healed instantly.'

"His looks as well as his actions that afternoon certainly proved the truth of what he had said. This little incident has been a wonderful aid to me many times since that day."

Nothing in all my life has been such an aid to me in the battle of life, as in the hour of extreme suffering and great anxiety, to go to the Lord and to have my prayers answered. I have known no man who had more humility and more absolute confidence in God than Karl G. Maeser, and there could be no greater evidence of it than this incident related by Horace H. Cummings.

May God bless each and all of us, that we may so order our lives that our influence may be along the same line as Brother Maeser's, that it will be felt for good by all those who come in contact with those humble prayer, and I ask it in the name of Jesus Christ, our Redeemer. Amen.

Patriarchs and Patriarchal History

ON August 25, 1934, Patriarch James H. Wallis climbed to the top of Mount Patriarch, so named by the late Elder B. H. Roberts while he was president of the Eastern States Mission, where Patriarch Wallis discussed the topic "Patriarchs and Patriarchal History before about 100 saints and



PATRIARCH JAMES H. WALLIS ON MT. PATRIARCH, VERMONT

investigators who had climbed the hill with him.

Mount Patriarch is the highest hill among those adjacent to the Joseph Smith Memorial Farm in Sharon, Windsor County, Vermont.

The two opening hymns were "High On The Mountain Top," and "For the Strength of the Hills."

In a letter to Dr. John A. Widtsoe Patriarch Wallis said: "I was the first Patriarch to speak at a religious service on this elevated spot of ground." The occasion was the annual conference of the Canadian Missionaries, friends, and investigators."

Hearts—and Timpanogos

(Continued from page 346)

Cardigan, her legs on either side of him. Story, after some coaxing, sat behind Alice.

"Now hold tight," Cardigan admonished. "Don't let the train break in two. I'll do what guiding there is to be done. Keep your heels up and your eyes shut. Here we go!"

He shoved himself over. He could feel Alice's arms tighten around his waist, and heard the sharp intake of her breath as they seemed to sail into snow-filled space.

The ride was a mad one. The head-drift unusually high and steep, gave them a tornado speed.

The rut which they found themselves in was worn deep and they had difficulty keeping their heels out of trouble. Cardigan had no time to say anything or do anything but hold himself from an ignominious headlong flight, by means of his elbows which he dug into the snow on either side as he flew along. He held on to Miss Arnet.

Just before the slide leveled off, a hole made by a stone which had melted into the glacier, served as a jump-off and he went up into the air only to come down on Miss Arnet's lap. There was a breathless moment and then both lost their balance and they sprawled head first, coming to a stop in a tangle of arms and legs.

CARDIGAN sat up.

"Are you dead?" he called, as he raised Miss Arnet's head and brushed the snow out of her ears and eyes.

"Entirely," she exclaimed, her teeth gleaming in a smile. "That was a ride!"

"It was," he admitted soberly. "Where is our learned friend?"

"I think he is still on top of the glacier or else laboriously making his way down around its edge," she answered, fussing with her hair which was like spun gold in its masses of snow. "He quit us before we started. Didn't have the nerve to jump off, I suspect."

"Then it's my opportunity," Cardigan declared. "What was that he said about scaring a girl

into matrimony? You're my idea, Alice, and I want you to marry me."

Cardigan was kneeling in the snow trying to assist her in digging it out from the tops of her boots.

"I mean it, Alice, I'm in earnest. I'm asking you to marry me."

Alice looked up at Cardigan a smile on her lips, then she saw his face. The smile died. She knew he had never been more in earnest in his life.

"What a place for a proposal." She scooped a handful of snow out of her ears, but she did not manage the light tone she had intended to use. "Mel, whatever are you saying?" she added as if in a frantic effort to stop further words.

"You heard me," he answered.

"I am asking you to marry me—to be my wife—to take my name. You know what I am saying. I love you—that's what I'm hinting at—I've always loved you." He took one of her hands.

"Mel, dear," she answered simply. "I heard you. . . I thought you were joking. . . Who ever heard of a proposal at such a time, in such a place?"

"Ah, skip it, Alice; you're not talking sense. I'm asking you to marry me."

"I heard you." "Then why don't you say something?" He bent towards her. "Don't keep up that line. I'm serious."

HE pulled her towards him. At first he felt her yield. Her damp head reached his shoulder before he felt her stiffen and draw away.

"Wait, Mel," she said. "I believe you. I think you think you love me. I'm happy that you think enough of me to ask me to marry you. Any girl should be happy when a man expresses his respect and confidence in her by asking such a question, but—but—"

"But what?" he asked. "Don't you love me, Alice?"

"I don't know, Mel, in that way—." She was in a panic. "I've never thought of it just that way and having it come now when the breath was all but out of me has stunned me, I guess." She shook the damp hair back from her brow. "But I can't answer, now. I can't possibly answer now."

She stood up. "You've got to answer sometime, why not now?" he urged.

She raised her damp face to the mountain. He followed her gaze to where they could see a figure working its way down over the rocks at the edge of the glacier. An icy hand took hold of Cardigan's heart.

"Alice, you don't mean—you don't mean that you've promised. . . ."

"He asked me up on the saddle," she said in a low voice.

Cardigan felt as if he had suddenly become a part of the icy glacier itself. Finally he fished his hat out of a snow-bank where it had been partially covered by the loose snow.

"I'm sorry, Alice," he said. "I was too slow. I stood around and let this eastern savant beat me. But believe me when I say that I'll always adore you. Let's get going; it's getting late."

"But, Mel, I . . ."

"That's all right, Alice," he said. "All my fault. Story!" he called, his voice reverberating from cliff to cliff. "Miss Arnet will wait for you there at the edge of the glacier and will go with you down to the lake. Goodbye, Alice," he said as he started down the glacier half sliding and half running. "I hope your wish comes true—that god Timpanogos will bring you everything wonderful."

"Mel," she called, but he heeded her not.

MEL CARDIGAN wondered as he approached his improvised camp the following Sat-



THE HEART OF TIMPANOGUS

urday who could have ridden along the trail ahead of him from Bear Creek to Timpanookie.

He had been over on the head of Battle Creek to see if the drift fences were properly up and that cattle were not being shoved without permit onto the Wasatch Range.

Coming out into the clearing where his tent was pitched, he was not surprised to see a saddled horse grazing with bit in mouth near by. Somebody was inside the tent.

Cardigan dismounted and approached cautiously, expecting to surprise the visitor. He threw back the flap of the tent.

"I've caught you!" he shouted.

"Is that so?" A freckled-faced boy of fourteen rose from the ranger's bed.

"Chuck Arnet!" Cardigan exclaimed. "What brought you here?"

"My horse," impudently.

"And how?" Cardigan asked. "How did you know where to find me?"

"Al told me there was a camp up here somewhere—that I'd get a chance at some sour dough bread if I came up."

"Alice? Where is she?" Cardigan was trying to act casual as he unsaddled his horse.

"Ah, her and a bunch of summer-school folks have gone visitin' the Timpanogos Cave. I can't figure her out." Chuck Arnet raised his hand and shook it con-

vincingly in Cardigan's face. "Do you know that she let me take this horse—rented it at the Cave—she paid for it. Now that's what I call swell, but I can't figure sis out. She ain't usually so good."

WERE there any teachers with the bunch?" Cardigan asked, as he tied his picket rope to his horse's front leg, busying himself to hide his curiosity.

"Only Dr. McGregor and Miss Ayres," the boy answered. "They was goin' t' eat at the foot of the trail and then go up, but I didn't wait. I came up here to eat with the ranger—I didn't know it would be you."

Cardigan's heart beat a little faster in spite of his cool head. Why was Alice so good all of a sudden to Chuck? Did his coming mean anything at all? For a week now he had been eating his heart out and remembering every waking moment two violet eyes, a snowfield cradled in shadowed rocks, and a dark figure of a man laboriously making his way down over the rocks. But surely this kid's coming to his camp didn't mean anything.

"Darn fool," he said, shaking his head to clear his thinking.

"What?" Chuck shrieked, amazed.

"Darn cool," Cardigan answered grinning. "Cool for the middle of the day, Chuck."

"Say, old timer," he finally an-

nounced. "Pitch in here and we'll have those sour-dough dough-gods ready in a jiffy and then, by the wars, we'll do a little visiting of the cave on our own account. Come on, you Chink, get going."

"You're talkin' now," Chuck exclaimed, as he began building a fire on the dead ashes beside which sat the waiting bake oven.

THE party had entered the cave when, after a hurried climb, sweating and out of breath, Cardigan and the boy reached its entrance. The guide shook his head when Cardigan asked to enter.

"You'll have to wait until the party is out," he said.

"Come, Stringham," Cardigan pleaded. "Let us in. You know us. We will not molest the formations. We don't need a guide. . . we've both been in a hundred times, haven't we, Chuck."

"Sure," Chuck replied. "I know that cave from the mourning doves to the vegetable garden."

The guide finally relented and unlocked the door.

The two, Cardigan in front, hastened along the tunnel, up the nut-cracker stairs, under the chimney. Finally they could hear voices and knew they would soon overtake the crowd. In the distance they could see the red glow of the heart of Timpanogos.

"You sneak up quietly and join the crowd, old timer," Cardigan

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whispered. "See what they're saying."

The boy shuffled along the tunnel and was soon lost to view. Cardigan followed keeping in the shadows. He wished, if he could, to get Alice alone. He wanted more than he would admit, to surprise her in the hope that she would say something that would give him an opening to talk with her again.

His opportunity came sooner than he expected. As the party left the Glowing Heart, Miss Arnet paused to gaze down into the blue-green water of the pool which was visible under its canopy of fairy-like lace work in translucent stone. The others of the party had all passed through the door into the Bridal Chamber.

On stealthy feet, Cardigan approached until he stood at her shoulder.

"AND the hearts of the two lovers entwined and arose fastening themselves upon the ceiling of the cave," he quoted as he remembered it from E. L. Robert's the Legend of Timpanogos.

She started, threw a frightened glance over her shoulder. When she recognized him, her startled expression broke into a smile.

"Mel," she said, "You came!"

Surprise—a pleased surprise was in her eyes. Her eyes, even in the darkness, glowed until they were like two stars.

"Lafayette. I am here!" he orated solemnly.

"What luck to have you come here—today."

"Luck?" he questioned. "It was more than luck, fair Lady of the Cave. I am a reader of the stars—two stars. I hear the messages in the leaves and winds."

"Grand," she cried, pretending to clap her hands. "You are a poet."

"No, I'm more," he declared solemnly.

"And what, pray?" She laid her hand against the frescoed wall.

"Careful, careful," he warned. "I promised Uncle Sam that not one of his costly decorations would be marred." He took her hand down and held it in both his own. "This hand is dainty, tender, but those decorations are fragile. Perhaps I'd better hold this for safety's sake."

She smiled up at him. He could have believed in fairies then. The light from the glowing heart spread

a roseate halo over her fair face and her hair, roughed a little from the climb, but moistened by the humid air of the cave was like, well, like a gorgeous head of hair, around her winsome face. He trembled. No pretending War Eagle who had once inhabited that cave could have loved the Indian maid as he did this lovely creature.

HER teeth gleamed like mother of pearl in the subdued

light. He bent over her, but she drew away.

"And what are you more than poet?" she asked again, he thought a bit tremulously.

"The others have left the next room," he said. "Let's go in there, and I'll tell you."

They passed through the aperture, he holding her hand. They found themselves in the Bridal Chamber, a gorgeous little room finished in mother-of-pearl and alabaster. She drew in her breath

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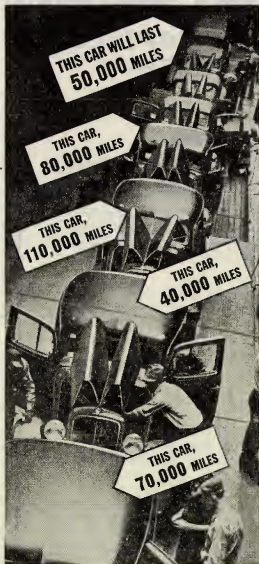
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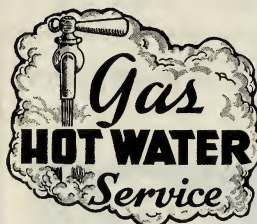
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sharply as she beheld the ethereal beauty of the place.

He led her toward the end of the room out of sight from the crowd should any turn in their direction.

"Lady of the Cave," he said, his voice shaking in spite of his will, "you have asked me what I am more than poet. Here, in this blessed room, I am ready to answer. I am your lover." His arm slipped round her shoulder. "Alice, here in this room haled by the love of War Eagle and Utahna, and fresh from gazing upon their united hearts, I offer you once again my love."

HE paused, not knowing how to proceed. Then he went on. "I have not seen or heard from you or—him since the day we parted on the glacier. You may be engaged to him, but the coming of Chuck seemed to me to be more than accidental—providential, more like. Alice, I am asking you again—Will you marry me? I can't scare you here into matrimony."

"But, Mel, you did," she answered. Her hand went to her throat and then she turned and looked up to him there, the light streaming over her features.

He gazed into her eyes made fathomless by the dim and fitful light. He knew that in them was a great love that would never fade. Then he remembered her exclamation.

"How?" His voice was husky. "How did I scare you into matrimony?"

"When you left me as you did there on the glacier," she answered. "I had not answered Dr. Story. When he asked, I didn't know how to answer. I thought I might say yes, but your coming caused me to hesitate. Then when you left me, I suddenly knew—and feared—that feared that you would not return."

"Sweetheart," he laughed happily, "your fear was groundless. Here in this sacred place, I pledge you my heart, my life."

"Their hearts entwined forever?" she breathed. "Let's return to the heart of Timpanogos."

Before it, with fingers interlocked they stood.

"Forever," he declared.

Can Civilization Progress?

(Continued from page 358)

part of the globe. Commercial relations beget political contact and political contact can be peaceful only as the mental attitude of good will is dominant in all countries. We may call it Americanization to teach men to become good American citizens. We shall be obliged to invent new names for the making of good British citizens, good French citizens, good German citizens, but by whatever name, what is needed is the character which will not only make a man a valuable unit in his own nation but a unit of the same kind as a citizen of the world. Under present conditions each human atom anywhere has more influence everywhere than the majority had in the conduct of his own country a century ago.

What America needs in her citizens is needed in the peoples of all countries since a majority of governmental units are now operating on the same general principles of representation, legislation and justice. To state in a phrase the ultimate aim, it is to bring all humanity to the adoption of, and practice of the Golden Rule, but between the present conditions and the end there is an indefinite space that must be bridged by the best work of all who devote themselves to education, for it must be by education consciously directed and by cooperative means that the goal is reached. The idea which I believe is more comprehensive than any world movement that has yet been announced has not yet a name. I am not sure that it can be named for a long time yet, for there are so many schemes each leading in the same direction, each with its own name and supported by enthusiastic advocates that must move forward in their own manner till they blend into each other. Americanization, Moral Education, League of Nations, World Court, Peace Societies, International Unions on many lines, are all going in the same direction.

I am not sure that I wish to go as far as some writers on the destiny and influence of our country on the rest of the world, yet circumstances have pushed us to a position of leadership in so many

ways that we must do our part in so shaping the thought reactions of our people as to be worthy of world leadership if it comes to us.

AMERICANIZATION was begun during the great war in haste and in many places, with little coordination, hence results have been by no means uniform. The name itself is unfortunate. It savors of bigotry and proselyting. There is much that is admirable in educational proposals to teach the English language, our constitutional forms and political principles, but zealots in the cause of Americanization do not abide modestly with these ends but have demanded that there be "legal provision for compulsory classes in Americanization." This is an attitude that would establish a bureaucracy such as we have denounced in Germany. The exciting events of the decade beginning with 1914 led well meaning persons in the larger centers of population to assume that the chief danger threatening American ideals came from the recently arrived immigrant, hence all efforts were directed toward him and for several years classes for instruction in the English language and for expounding the provisions of the United States Government were formed and in many places produced appreciable results. Many articles have been written and reports compiled upon methods used, and the results obtained, all of which make very interesting reading but one rises from a study of these documents with a feeling that it is largely superficial and applied to but one corner of the real problem. Now after ten years' experience in this line it is pretty generally accepted that Americanism is much more than speaking English and reciting the numbers of congressmen and senators, and that Americanization is something that should be applied to many others than recent immigrants. We are all immigrants of varying dates, some sufficiently remote so that we are told by recent students that an American type of face and mind has been developed. To quote from a Bulletin of the Bureau of Education, Americanization "may be defined as the business of making good American citizens of everyone that inhabits American soil—the native born and the im-

migrant, the adult and the child in school. No longer do we assume that a man is truly American in attitude and action merely because he happens to be born within our country's confines. The conviction has been brought home, rather, that it is in large measure the un-American attitude of the native born that has made the Americanization of the immigrant so difficult. And we are pretty certain now that, if the so-called American portion of our communities would but realize its obligation to live the creed of which it boasts, the immigrant problem would be solved with unconscionable ease."

Having been born in the United States or being descended from the voyagers of the Mayflower does not of necessity give an individual a comprehension of the problems of American Government or a skill in the use of the machinery of the government. Our discovery, noted just above, that Americanization is something to be applied to others than immigrants, leads us to consider how far our "educated classes" have an adequate knowledge of the history and practical working of the United States since the Declaration of Independence. History is not a mere list of dates or catalog of facts but a profound consideration of cause and effect, and political and social development. Democracy is just now being exalted as the highest ideal in human government. Yet no one will "contradict the assertion that a democracy in which the masses lack an intelligent understanding of the political and governmental institutions under which they live will not always remain a democracy." One of our best writers of a textbook on American Government wrote a few years ago an excellent article on the "Ignorant Educated" in which he quite clearly shows that our "educated people" quotation marks, i. e., those who have diplomas from High School and University are marvelously unfamiliar with the fundamentals of our national life. He says, "hurrahing for Democracy, even fighting to make the world safe for democracy will not in the absence of a thorough understanding of its institutions, insure the democracy of the United States or of any other country against a subtle and scarcely perceptible transmutation into something which in

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reality is far from being a genuine democracy." He closes his plea for the required study of American History and Government in every college and university as condition of graduation by showing that professors of political science and history can themselves do but little in that direction. Although they themselves are convinced of the necessity they cannot propose in the faculty meetings so radical a change. Patrons of the institutions and other outsiders may wonder why so desirable a movement may not at once be inaugurated. They do not understand that a curriculum is arranged as far as practicable on the principle that departments must not compete with each other for students. If one department were to move in faculty or committee meeting that students henceforth be required to take courses in any department other than Mathematics, English, and foreign languages and physical education, it would be at once charged with an attempt to aggrandize its own work and "any professor of history or government of ordinary modesty and cherishing the good opinion of his colleagues must sit bound and muzzled until there shall appear a new academic Moses, or until there shall develop a faculty public opinion based upon the consciousness of a patriotic obligation and a new ideal of a liberal education which is superior to academic traditions, departmental jealousy, and the doctrine of the balance of power."

I should be obliged to cite definite instances to prove to you that among those who have enjoyed and are now enjoying the best educational advantages there is a woeful lack of the most elementary knowledge concerning the history, organization, defects, and remedies, of our system of government, national, state, and local. If you doubt this test its truth by asking yourself, or what would be more pleasing to your personal pride, your best educated friend, a hundred questions of detail about governmental departments, civil service, consular and diplomatic activities, administration of justice or perhaps too often of injustice, and then considering the answers, decide whether a democracy needs infinite attention to public affairs on the part of everyone whether his ancestors for ten generation have

been in this country or he himself has arrived but yesterday.

I THINK there has been a general assumption with little close thought or investigation that "graduates from our best high schools and from the colleges and universities somehow must have absorbed in the process of education sufficient information about our political and governmental system to prepare them fairly well to assume the responsibilities of citizenship in a democracy."

Considerable fun has been gleaned from freak answers to questions on current history and politics within the past few years. The questions have been framed by a leading monthly magazine treating current events and quite obviously for the double purpose of stimulating a more careful study of the important facts in present happenings and incidentally to increase the circulation of the periodical which treats on these topics. There is no doubt that these tests have been valuable to a vast number of students in the schools and colleges. I have myself given them to succeeding classes and I can see considerable improvement year by year since attention has been drawn to the wisdom and necessity of acquaintance with current world problems and past history. Probably study of these has been stimulated by very shame at some of the answers given. Recently at Washington University, St. Louis, the psychology class was given a test of this kind and totally new information was secured as to the Battle of Gettysburg. Some said it was fought in 1778, or perhaps in 1812. Zulus were said to have four legs. Rosa Bonheur was given by different ones as poet, sculptor, composer. In a recent test I gave, the highest percentage obtained was 96% and this was by a regular reader of the *Review of Reviews*. In a class of 97 several were as low as 25%, the majority not far from 50%.

These occurrences cause many editorials criticising college education. I leave you to draw your own conclusion as to the justice of the criticisms. But college students are not the only ones who do not know all they should of important things. A short time ago 25 such questions were presented to 350 worldly wise members of the Cleve-

land Chamber of Commerce. 125 of them did not dare to attempt answers. The highest man, a lawyer, scored 92%. The average scored about 50% and the questions covered sports, war debts, politics, education, current literature, such as, "Who were three cabinet members appointed by President Coolidge," "Of what great university is A. Lawrence Lowell President," "What is the name of either the Japanese Emperor or his son," "Name one of three Democratic Senators who opposed the World Court." The only question everyone answered correctly was about the cost of a seat on the stock exchange. Are the destinies of a popular government to be safely trusted to inhabitants when the presumably best educated, the cream of the multitude, are but 50% or less well informed?

MERE contact with government officials and voting and hearing campaign orators will not give the generally educated person all that he needs to make him competent and trustworthy in running the government; a simple illustration will be appreciated. Every generally educated or highly educated person sees bridges, crosses bridges, goes under bridges, dives from bridges. Has he absorbed

enough by all these contacts to be entrusted with the building of a bridge? Do you wish to drive over, or cross in a train a bridge built by a generally educated man? Do you wish to choose the architect and engineer who shall construct a twenty-story sky-scraper by election from the class of the generally educated? Yet we so choose now our political leaders and office holders and we may thank providence that by chance and good luck we have had so many who have been successful leaders and blessings to the people. It has been correctly said that our list of presidents from Washington to Roosevelt, even though a few may not be called great, is unquestionably superior to any line of kings in any dynasty in Europe. In the times when kings were at the head of all European Government, and when many were bad in character and inferior in ability, most of them had special training through all the years before their coronation. If kings are specially educated for their duties, do not the individuals in a democracy, all of whom take some part in the government, need such training that anyone chosen for leadership may not only himself have a fundamental preparation but may be supported by a public also prepared to understand and assist?

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tors had not all grasped the significance of the problem. Yet the real enthusiasm and appreciation of some of the Americanization classes in larger and smaller cities should put to shame the indifferent and cynical college graduates. It is none too soon for us to realize that those of us who are placed in authority in educational institutions of all grades must delay no longer in appreciating the necessity of grappling the problem now, and everywhere. It will be slow process to gain the desired ends. It is likely to be thirty or more years until those who are now in our high schools and colleges will be in the United States Senate and our State legislatures, but if by diligent efforts all through that period we may have a body of "citizen minded" from whom to choose we may be spared some of the nauseating spectacles offered us in legislative halls in the past decade. I think we are beginning to see light and to struggle toward it. International cooperation has accomplished much in a number of lines since it was inaugurated although the earlier political conferences were more retrogressive than progressive, the later assemblies of delegates from many nations have resulted in the establishment of many agencies for benefit of all mankind. Red Cross, Universal Postal Union, Union for suppression of the White Slave Traffic, International Sanitary Convention, White Phosphorus Convention and others, are illustration of the feasibility of World Unions.

Of no less significance than the attempt, through the League of Nations, to inaugurate world peace is the organization of a World Conference on Education whose aims are set forth and grouped

around certain subjects which are fundamental to world peace and I believe must be established before real world peace can be realized. In a World Conference on Education held in Oakland and San Francisco in 1923 (under the auspices of the National Education Association) a World Federation of Educational Associations was organized to promote the ideas set forth in its resolutions, viz., International Cooperation, International Conduct and Ideals, dissemination of educational information, universal education, health education, thrift education, education of women, and rural conservation. A program of that kind is stupendous but is no more unlikely of realization than would have appeared a century ago, many of our today commonplace achievements. Each of the aims is subdivided and committees assigned to study and produce definite programs for immediate inauguration. Under international ideals one section is assigned to "character education." Bertrand Russell in a masterly article in a recent *Harpers*, entitled "What shall we educate for?" shows how we may educate for vitality, for courage, for intelligence. His method of reasoning might well be applied to methods of training for character and citizenship. First there must be a clear conception of the nature of the product desired, and the teacher must have an adequate knowledge of conditions and problems that confront the citizen. Systems of education in all ages seem to have been able to produce the kind of thing aimed at. The education of the Spartan youth produced a type of boy which would endure the eating out of his vitals before he would confess a theft. Athenian education with other aims developed an appreciation of beauty, of music, of philosophy. Sparta's system could not have been used in Athens and have produced Praxitiles, or Pericles, or Plato.

The ablest educational leaders have been successful. Dr. Arnold at Rugby held constantly before his boys the kind of mental prowess and fair play which marks the English statesman and scholar of the 19th Century. The men who are organizing our public schools have accomplished marvelous results in the past quarter century, but the frequent changes which

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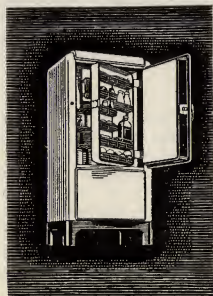
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have occurred in our material and political life may necessitate the scrapping of parts of past and present plans and the adoption of new aims. The educational system of China endured without change for some thousands of years. "Chinese education produced stability and art; it failed to produce progress or science." (B. Russell.) But now in a competitive world which has been unified by modern inventions, energy not stability is needed for self-preservation. "Without science Democracy is impossible.

The Chinese education was confined to the small percentage of educated men, and the Greek civilization was based on slavery. For these reasons the traditional education of China is not suited to the modern world and has been abandoned by the Chinese themselves. Cultivated eighteenth century gentlemen who in some respects resembled Chinese literata have now become impossible for the same reasons." Changed conditions create new demands. Now that communication and transportation have tied all parts of the world together, education must take an attitude of *world mindedness* as definitely as Japan or Germany took a nationalistic view. "Modern Japan affords the clearest illustration of a tendency which has been prominent among all the great powers—a tendency to make national greatness the supreme purpose of education. The aims of

the Japanese education have been to produce citizens who shall be devoted to the state through the training of their passions and useful to it through their acquisition of knowledge." The skill with which these aims have been carried out is amazing. Ever since Commodore Perry opened the ports of Japan the Japanese have made self-preservation their great object and it has been difficult but has also been a success, and success has been their justification, unless self-preservation is an unworthy motive. A desperate situation justified their educational methods. If and when the League of Nations justifies the expectations of its members there will be no further need of a system of education solely for self-preservation or for aggression, but all the genius that has been expended to educate for nationalistic ideals can be turned to the broader and higher ones of international good will and helpfulness. This must come either soon or in the distant future and it will come because our education in all countries is founded on principles for the development of character and citizenship.

It needs no demonstration to prove the assertion that German education of the past half century was intended to and did produce excessive nationalistic and aggressive tendencies. The aims of Japanese education have been referred to a moment ago. Each system has been a success measured

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by its purpose. "Dr. Arnold's system which has remained in force in English public schools to the present day was aristocratic. The aim was to train men for positions of authority and power, whether at home or in distant parts of the Empire. An aristocracy, if it is to survive, needs certain virtues. These were to be imparted at school. The product was to be energetic, stoical, physically fit, possessed of certain unalterable beliefs with high standards of rectitude, and convinced that it had an important mission in the world. To a surprising extent these results were achieved. Intellect was sacrificed to them, because intellect might produce doubt. Sympathy was sacrificed because it might interfere with governing "inferior" races or classes. Kindliness was sacrificed for the sake of toughness; imagination for the sake of firmness. In an unchanging world the result might have been a permanent aristocracy. But aristocracy is out of date and subject populations will no longer obey even the most virtuous rulers. The rulers are driven into brutality, and brutality further encourages revolt. The modern world needs a different type with more imagination, sympathy, more intellectual suppleness, less belief in bulldog courage and more belief in technical knowledge. The administrator of the future must be the servant of free citizens, not the benevolent ruler of admiring subjects. "The aristocratic tradition belongs to the past. I can think of no better way to point to the inevitable adoption of governmental life controlled by citizens of elevated character than by referring to the scene of the House of Commons when Gladstone made his last speech on the second Reform Bill in 1866. He saw that his propositions would be defeated by a coalition of Conservatives and timid Liberals and he exclaimed defiantly to his opponents in that voice that always thrilled his hearers: "You cannot fight against the future; time is on our side."

In many ways the World War has erased the past; not alone have the central European powers collapsed and dragged down with them a score of monarchies all based on the education of exaggerated egotism but the victorious nations must face the future under the conditions changed as much for them as for the vanquished. These new conditions cannot be met in old ways, not alone are the former monarchic states to be made over but those who have been using democratic forms have nearly as much to do to adapt themselves to the new world. The education of Athens based on slavery will not do. The monastic teaching of the middle ages will not do, the aristocratic instruction of the 19th Century will not do. There must be and will be a citizenry which grasps the problems which must be solved for its own welfare and which has a moral character which can be trusted in all emergencies. Does this appear Utopian? Utopian or not, it is inevitable. To again quote Gladstone, "You cannot fight against the future."

The American public schools have achieved successfully a task of transforming a heterogeneous selection of mankind into a homogeneous nation. But a new task now confronts them and it is being heroically undertaken. The feverish haste to make all aliens into model Americans, method, above, has given place to a deliberate and careful study of methods of leading all the people from kindergarten to maturity through an atmosphere of moral education which shall assure a wise and efficient citizenship. John Dewey has said, "What the wisest and best parents desire for their children

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that should society desire for all children." Parental influence seems to be waning, or perhaps it has already been so greatly diminished as to be by no means the factor in moral training that it has been. What the reasons are for this have not yet been determined with accuracy, but the facts are so obvious that political and religious leaders are giving thought to it.

WHY should the schools undertake character training? The present moral situation has received much attention from pulpit and press. As one of the best organized agencies for dealing with all truth the public schools must assume an increasing responsibility in moral development. A few years ago the House of Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church and the President of the United States, on the same day, obviously without collusion, ascribed the increase of juvenile crime to inadequate home training. The President, to the International Convention of the Y. M. C. A. said, "too many people are neglecting the real well being of their children, shifting this responsibility for their actions and turning over supervision of their discipline and conduct to the juvenile courts. It is stated on high authority that a very large proportion of the outcasts and criminals come from the ranks of those who lost the advantages of normal parental control in their youth. They are the refugees from broken homes who were denied the necessary benefits of parental love and direction."

The Bishops in their pastoral letter said "we see a weakening of

the ties and a lowering of the standards of home life, due to lack of proper parental contact and to the absence from homes of definite religious influence. We see a widespread revolt against the existing ideals of morality and purity expressed in much of our literature, advocated openly by some of those whose position gives them hearing and influence, hailed by many as the advent of a fuller freedom and a larger self-expression. Can we

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We Salute You M. I. A. Leaders

"It's been a trite saying among the "Mormons" for many years that the work of carrying on will be shifted to the shoulders of the young or the "Rising Generation." You are here assembled and the thousands not present but represented by you, are carrying on a constructive work that will assist the youth in qualifying themselves to fill those responsibilities to a degree seldom attained by any other group. Our congratulations go to you who are so faithfully and efficiently doing that splendid work.

One of the chief aids in soliciting and securing the cooperation of your members is to provide wholesome entertainment. This may express itself most effectively in: FOLK DANCES, PLAYS, OPERETTAS, PAGEANTS, RELIGIOUS AND HISTORICAL PARADES.

We are in the heart of the shopping district. This makes it a convenient place to meet your friends, leave extra packages. Incidentally you may acquaint yourself with the needs for the coming season. Our stock is quite complete, especially in the lines called for by your organization. Anything we can do to assist you will be most readily and willingly rendered.

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All guaranteed merchandise at
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Insist on it from your grocer—There is none better

"Flavor with sugar and you flavor with health"

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The Oil that gives you---

—Greater motor protection because it has more oiliness and film strength than other oils!

—Freedom from carbon and sludge troubles, as thousands of enthusiastic users will tell you!

—Extra long mileage, as proved by the Indianapolis Destruction Test!

CONTINENTAL OIL COMPANY
Established 1875

fail to see the connection between this situation and the spirit of lawlessness and startling increase of crime and especially the increase in the number of youthful criminals?"

Unless you have followed with care what has been done within two or three years by a group of educators who form a committee in the N. E. A. you can scarcely realize the progress that has been made in outlining and energetically putting into practice the fundamentals of citizenship through character education. In bringing the problem and its solution before the city and county Superintendents of California, the Superintendent of Los Angeles schools said, "If the problem is more pressing than formerly, what is the responsibility of educators and how shall they meet it?"

What are some of the reasons that there is a diminishing of parental control as mentioned a moment ago? Compare our world today with the world that half or more of this audience can remember. The world was without automobiles, without motion pictures, without telegraph, radio, aeroplanes, with few telephones, few electric lights, and no other of the myriads of electric appliances we now have. Commercial leaders and financial geniuses have capitalized fully the control over nature resulting from scientific discoveries. We certainly should not lament as evil all that has resulted from what are called these evidences of progress. We would not delay civilization but all

these inventions that contribute to our convenience and our pleasure are full of peril. "The telephone makes contact in the breath of a moment. The automobile breaks home contacts with equal speed. The radio brings jazz to the home and motion pictures visualize vice. The eight hour law, thoroughly humane and beneficent in intent, and largely in fact, has brought to working millions an amount of leisure the world has never known. Co-incident with leisure comes wealth heretofore undreamed of. Leisure and wealth, what yoke-fellows for world progress! But leisure and wealth for those who do not know how to spend either wisely, what yoke-fellows for dissipation."

APPRECIATING these conditions, and realizing that a heavy responsibility rests upon the public schools, an inquiry was sent to 300 cities which are studying the subject of revision of the school curriculum. Eight questions were asked to elicit information as to whether any definite periods in the daily program is given to character training, as to printed material used, as to subjects already in the course of study wherein character suggestions may be made, how recitation, life of the school outside recitation, and other activities have character building value.

Replies showed that the schools of the country are universally paying definite attention to the development of good character. As this is a new movement some confusion and lack of clear knowledge exists as to how to attack the problem. 20% of the school systems reporting use special character education materials and special courses of study. 65% report the use of existing opening exercises with particular reference to development of character. These are only beginnings in a new movement but a few years old. The report compiled was given at the Department of Superintendence of the N. E. A. in 1926. I am confident that a careful reading of the nearly 100 pages of this report will be an inspiration to those who have not yet given much attention to this new phase of school work. It has already made as much progress as has the purely scholastic curriculum in half a century.

I have spoken in some detail con-

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Stripes, checks and fancy fabrics are being featured in Logan Garment Knits this season. One of these suits will add the individual smartness you desire in your spring wardrobe.

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There is a style designed for every personality, and you have many of the very newest shades to choose from. Each style is individually tailored to fit. A post card or letter addressed to the Logan Garment Company, Logan, Utah, is all it takes to see this colorful new line of spring knits. There is a representative in your neighborhood.

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We can give you first class service with our high quality Light, Medium and Heavy Weight Old and New Style L. D. S. Garments.

LOGAN GARMENT COMPANY

LOGAN,

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45 East Broadway, Salt Lake City

UTAH

140 North Main, Twin Falls, Idaho
39 West First North, Logan, Utah

cerning two of the suggestions for forward steps in civilization. These are a universal study of History and Government and such cultivation of moral character as will make human relations a joy rather than a menace.

The British Ambassador to the United States, in a speech in Toronto, reiterated for England, what many of us in America have realized for a quarter century, that "Isolation is impossible." Every national act must be performed with the consciousness of its possible relation to the rest of the world. Hence we must, in cooperation with others, organize these relations so that the contacts may be peaceful and progressive. The head of the United States Steel Corporation has said "The world has reached a place in its evolution where every country must respond to the conditions in every other country." Statesmen, industrial leaders, educators, scientists—all recognize the same truth.

CERTAIN universities have already, some years ago, arranged for an exchange of professors with European institutions. Already the results are becoming noteworthy. No man of sufficient culture and learning to be chosen as a representative from a university in one country to a similar institution in another can fail to return home with a broader comprehension of other peoples and a sympathetic appreciation of others' customs and traditions. If perchance he makes a happy impression on the foreigner, so much the better. Similar exchanges of students accomplished more. At present there are undoubtedly more students from other countries in the United States than American students in foreign countries. The Cosmopolitan Clubs in existence at many of the larger universities in this country are a wonderful influence toward international understanding. The Japanese students in New York, feeling the advantage to themselves of their life in this country, have raised sufficient money to bear the expenses of American students in Japan. There could be no better way to spend the income of a great philanthropic endowment than in financing the exchange of considerable numbers of children 8 to 15 years of age. These children, with proper safeguards, could be placed

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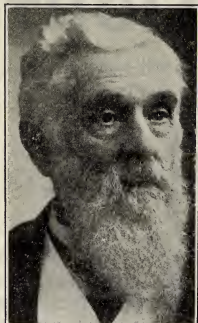
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You may register for work either at the Provo campus or at the Alpine campus, or at both for academic work of under-graduate and graduate grade.

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762 Non-Run Rayon Super Quality.....	1.25
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714 Medium Weight Cotton.....	1.25

No. FOR MEN

662 Men's Non-Run Rayon.....	\$1.25
610 Ribbed Light Wt. Spring Needle	1.10
602 Extra Fine Quality Lisle.....	1.25
614 Med. Wt. Ex. Quality.....	1.25
620 Men's Light Wt. Double Back.....	1.25
646 Fine Combed Cotton Lt. Wt.....	.75
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667 Men's Non-Run Rayon Extra	1.25
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in the homes of the people in the leading nations of Europe and America to live for a year or two the same lives as would have been led by those whom they replace. Details as to the method of selection and protection can be easily worked out. What an influence for international friendship and world peace.

For the last 40 years there have been in the air rumors and prophecy regarding a yellow peril, a probable future conflict of Asiatic races against European. The surest way to prevent such a catastrophe is to get into operation all the means suggested for universal understanding and good will and as many more as the wisest of mankind may devise. The colleges and universities, the systems of public schools, the International Unions, and the various agencies of the League of Nations are channels through which civilization may be advanced more in a decade than in the past five centuries, and this means that there should be active participation, not alone on election day, but a lively interest of all the people, all of the time, in public affairs.

The world has now to attack a new job and the sincerity with which it works will determine whether the struggles of men through the ages shall have been in vain or shall lead to humanity's crowning achievement. In this work the educator has a place of influence unequalled by that of the warrior or statesman.

Night Grace

By Harry Elmore Hurd

THERE is a healing grace in newmown hay
Whose fragrance rises freshly from the fields:

There is an uplift in the tardy song
Of any bird who should be wrapped in leaves

Before the punctual whip-poor-will awakes
To fill the darkening world with melody:
There is a re-creative power in dew
That falls on sleeping flowers and men alike
With cooling softness and benevolence.
O, there is magic in a glow-worm's light,
A winged delightfulness in fireflies,
A silvery silence in the constant stars
That gives new content to man's humble ways

And climaxes the efforts of his days.

THE truest test of civilization is
not the census, nor the size of
cities, nor the crops; no, but the
kind of man the country turns out.

—Emerson.

Your Page and Ours

Because our friends have a tendency to lengthen out their communications, we are behind and must leave out many interesting notes from this page. This time we are going to abbreviate them very much.

Hard To Lay Era Down

BECAUSE it carries out the spirit of the country I love," says Maiben Ashby, writing from Grand Rapids, Mich. "one of the most difficult jobs I have is to lay the Era down once I get started with it, to go about my other activities."

The Era Sometimes a Substitute for Church

AFTER being without the Era for three months, we realize to a greater extent just what it has meant to us." Thus Mr. and Mrs. Bert L. Murphy, of Zurich, Montana, write. "Here in the mission field we travel twenty miles to attend Church. When it is impossible to go, we read and study the Era and partake of the wonderful spirit therein. We feel each issue is well worth the subscription price."

Udall's Article Wins Praise

IN your issue of December, 1934, you published, among other noteworthy articles, "The Trial of Jesus," by Jesse Udall. Other readers have appreciated the efforts of the writer as much as I. They will not hesitate in expressing their gratitude for this fact-giving article, which was so masterfully handled by writer Udall. To the author and publisher goes my appreciation."—Chauncey S. Harmon, Salt Lake City.

Miss Howard Likes the Nephite Story

IT is a mystery to me how anyone living in this day and age can so vividly go back through the centuries and write a story like "A Romance of Two Cities" and connect things up so well. I hope Dorothy Clapp Robinson knows how well everyone likes her story," writes Miss Sadie Howard, Nephi, Utah. "I enjoyed an inventory for girls that Katie C. Jensen listed in the last (January) issue."

A Man From Cache Valley Speaks

ORVILLE S. LEE, Hiram, Utah, writes: "It is interesting to note that in spite of the apparent lag in moral standards in this country, there are many Latter-day Saints who not only adhere to high Church standards, but have joy and peace of mind in doing so."

An Assistant Scout Executive Liked That February Number

AFTER praising the February number rather warmly, Merrill Christopherson, Assistant Scout Executive of the Timpanogos District Council writes: "The inside double sheet is really a great story and makes me proud to be a Boy Scout."

An M. D. Says Amen to an Era Article

SPEAKING of "An Open Letter" in the November number of *The Improvement Era*, Dr. Eugene Worley, Preston, Idaho, says: "That one article is worth more than the subscription price to any family. I don't care where they live. I would like to say Amen to it. I am glad to have the Era on my reception table along with *The American*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Literary Digest*, and other good magazines."

A Pennsylvanian Through the Era Found an Arizona Friend

MISS ETHEL SUTLAND, Hazelton, Pa., writes: "Through your recent issue I found a worthwhile friend, Bessie B. Decker, Aripine, Arizona, and we write to one another often. She has helped me immensely with my poetry."

Utah Looks After Her Babies

UTAH leads the nation with approximately ten per cent more cars returned than in any other state, showing Utah parents to be more birth-registration conscious than any other commonwealth. Percentages were based upon the baby census cards returned by parents in comparison with the births registered in 1933. The total registration for the year was 11,905—Department of Commerce Bureau of the Census.

A Lot of People Were on the Move in Those Days

IN 1850, my grandfather, Jesse W. Crosby, went to Europe on a mission," writes Attorney George H. Crosby, Evanston, Wyo. "On his eastbound trip he started meeting the gold-rushers in South Pass. They were so thick on the road that he and his companions had to travel out of the road most of the way to St. Joseph, Mo. He obtained a log of the different trains he met and in his journal he records that the total was: 16,915 men, 235 women, 242 children, 4,627 wagons, 4,642 mules, 14,974 horses, 7,475 oxen, 7,052 cows."

Bishop Would Like Advertisements Kept Together

OUR bishop," writes Vivian R. Williams, Collinston, Utah, "suggests he would be willing to pay an extra fifty cents if you would arrange to put the advertisements in the front and back of the magazine so he could remove them for binding."

George H. Crosby, Jr., Disagrees

I LIKE the modern makeup of both magazines and newspapers. . . . You can read the beginning of the article in the front and then not follow it up unless it interests you. Then, too, it mixes the advertisements and the reading up together. The modern advertisement is highly educational and the more so when it is close to the reading matter. If you bind a magazine and reading matter and advertisements are on the same page, you get it all preserved in history. I am 62 years old. When I first became a reader, reading matter was arranged the old way, but the change is a good one and valuable to the busy reader."

This Patient Writes While He Convalesces

IF all the hours—and days—and years—and ages That men have wasted arguing about their creeds Could be recalled and spent in Christ-like service, What wealth they'd yield in loving, Christ-like deeds!"

Written while in a hospital by
Ovid E. Howell, Weston, Idaho.

Correction

JUST a note to correct a mistake in the March Era," writes Fred G. Taylor, Jr., New York Stake. "The article, 'New York Hobby Show' was written by Roscoe Grover and not by me." Roscoe Grover is Uncle Roscoe of KSL fame. Thanks, Fred, for the correction.

California Woman Finds Interest Growing

THERE seems to be a growing interest in the Era, writes Edith Cherrington, from Pasadena, California; "so many people have called to ask me about it and on what news stand it can be purchased. . . . I am glad to be included among the Era writers. It is certainly a grand magazine."

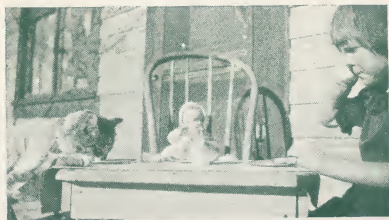


Photo by Mrs. E. O. Bennion, Mt. Emmons, Utah
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